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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Essay on the Productive Resources of India.
By J. F. Royle, F.R.S., &c. Large 8vo.
pp. 451. London, 1840. Allen and Co.
The History of India. By the Hon. Mount-
stuart Elphinstone. 8vo. Vols. I. and II.
London, 1841. Murray.

BELIEVING, as we have long done, that it only requires us to know and develop the products and resources of India in order to supply almost every want of the mother country, either whilst at peace with the rest of the world, or if involved in war with those nations from whom we draw our principal imports; it is with no common degree of satisfaction that we have scanned every page of Dr. Royle's invaluable volume. The vast fund of information he has furnished on every point of national interest, and relating to every quarter of the prodigious empire which now bends to British sway in Asia, is not more surprising for its extent than for its precision and particularity. There is no branch of manufacture, no source of wealth and power, no production of the earth, no geographical capability, no means of improvement in any kind, of which he does not treat in a masterly manner. He shews us what there is in the land, what attempts have been made to cultivate and increase its resources, where and why they have failed or have partially or altogether succeeded, and what ought to be done to make the wonderful superabundance of which its every climate and zone is redolent, available for the mutual prosperity of England and India. The riches of the latter are incalculable, and it is only needed to impregnate them with the spirit, enterprise, and example of the former, to raise an inexhaustible profusion of every necessary and luxury of life.

It is difficult to account for the neglect which these treasures have experienced for the number of years that they have been in our possession; but many things may have contributed to this effect. Whilst individual exertion was rewarded by fortune, Europeans did not think of extending their views farther than their own concerns. India was always looked upon as a temporary residence, and, consequently, measures of permanency were not contemplated for its benefit. Constant wars, and much uncertainty in regard to territorial and political relations, also operated injuriously. The prejudices of the natives, and the inactivity natural to a tropical temperature, had a strong influence; and, in short, a number of causes combined to keep this glorious region in a backward state, barren where plenty might have been found, and wasting enormous supplies which a very little care and painstaking could have secured for every useful purpose and the enjoyment of civilised man.

With the lights of Dr. Royle before us, let us hope that this reproach will speedily be removed; and such an interchange of commodities established between Great Britain and her mighty colony, as will tend to the unspeakable advantages of them both:—

“Having (says this acute and comprehensive observer) long paid attention, both in India and in this country, to the productions of the

former, whether the spontaneous gift of nature or the produce of agriculture, the author observed that they were both varied and abundant, and fitted for every purpose, whether for affording food, for contributing to the comfort of the inhabitants, or for yielding materials for manufactures and commerce. The country being fruitful in soil and rich in climate, he noticed, however, an unaccountable discrepancy between its natural riches and the quality of the different productions, when compared with similar products from other countries. Observation and consideration, combined with an examination of the modes of culture and manufacture in other parts of the world, enabled him to perceive, that many of the causes of failure were purely of a physical nature, some, dependent on the soil, a few, on the climate, and others, on the processes of agriculture. The defects seeming as often to be those of redundancy as of deficiency of growth, it appeared feasible so to modify the operations of agriculture, as to subject the plants under cultivation to the influence (in different degrees) of the several physical agents which control vegetation, such as light, heat, air, and moisture, and thus produce different and the desired results.”

He afterwards relates that in prosecuting his labours he “found that many experiments had been instituted, and much had been done for the improvement of many Indian staple products; but that the generality of modern experimentalists seemed to be unacquainted with the labours of their predecessors; many of them commencing improvement by repeating experiments which had already been made, and announcing results as new which had long previously been ascertained.”

And he explains something of the lethargy to which we have alluded by saying,—

“That the information on the subjects treated of in this work is varied and authentic, will appear from the references to the works which are quoted in the text: that it is not better known must be ascribed to its being scattered about in publications not easily accessible, even to those desirous of information, as the large works are only found in extensive libraries, and the small ones rapidly disappear from circulation.”

A bare enumeration of the matters brought into discussion from this too long-continued apathy, would do something to indicate the nature of the author's researches; but nothing we could do would afford an idea of their value. The mineral, animal, and vegetable powers of India are exhibited, and their application to commerce pointed out: gums, dyes, spices, wool, silk, cotton, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, timber, medicines, grain, are each in turn submitted to close scrutiny, and we are informed of their several habitats, qualities, and further culture for the sake of manufactures and commerce. There seems to be no limit to what improvement may readily accomplish in this favoured quarter of the globe:—

“The soil and climate are as varied as the British territories in India are extended. Every part is rich in a great variety of natural resources, valuable for food, commerce, and

manufactures. Much has been done to increase these by the introduction of useful plants of all countries, both in the northern and in the southern provinces.

The soil is as capable of producing, and the climate as suited to these varied products, as it ever was. Yet that they are not cultivated with the skill which is desirable, is not to be wondered at, since the Hindoos find their ancient systems of agriculture sufficient for their purposes, and they are naturally prejudiced in favour of that which has the sanction of antiquity. Few, if any, of the Europeans who have settled as cultivators in the country have been professional farmers. The majority were therefore unacquainted with the practice of the art in Europe, as well as with the details of tropical culture in the New World. Still fewer have been familiar with the sciences connected with the arts of culture, and which, in the absence of experience, would have given them principles for guidance in their practice.”

In fact, the game is only beginning, though the stake is almost above the mark of calculation. What India is, England was in former days; and see what cultivation has done for the little island!—

“It is curious (observes our author) in reading the early accounts of the culture of this country, to observe the want of skill, apparent in want of success, and how frequently this is ascribed to unfruitfulness in the soil, or to unsuitableness in the climate of England, so that even ‘Kitchen-garden wares were imported from Holland, and fruits from France.’ Dr. Boleyn ascribes the inferiority to want of cultivation; and Oldys, alluding to the depreciation of the English soil and climate, by some adducing the fine garden of Gerrard, says, ‘Hence it would appear that our ground could produce other fruits besides hips and haws, acorns and pignuts.’ In the present day, we are in the habit of hearing similar statements respecting the unsuitableness of the Indian soil, at one time for the production of cotton, at another, for that of sugar and of tobacco; while Indian coffee is hardly thought of, and its hemp despised. Its opium is undervalued in comparison with that of Turkey, and even all its rice is thought, almost necessarily, inferior to that of America, because most of that is so which is imported here. Its spices and its indigo are, perhaps, alone acknowledged to be superior to that of other parts of the world. It will not, however, be difficult to prove that in India, as formerly in England, hasty generalisations have ascribed to poverty of soil that which is owing to deficiency of skill. Therefore we may reasonably hope, as we shall endeavour to shew, that by following the course which has been so successfully pursued in civilised Europe, that is, the application of principles to practice, we may entertain a rational certainty of obtaining equally successful results.”

In the great work of forwarding Indian improvements, Dr. Roxburgh was a noble precursor to Dr. Royle, and effected much for the country. His experiments on pepper, sugar, indigo, herap, flax, cotton, mulberry, caoutchouc, &c. &c., were all eminently advanta-

geous; and since his time (he died 1814) there has been some, if rather a slow, march in his footsteps, to prove that his spirit does not altogether sleep. The Committee on Trade and Manufactures, emanating out of the Royal Asiatic Society, has contributed considerably to the advance; but it, or government, ought to be able to do a hundred-fold more, when we think for an instance of the importance of the questions at issue. If we quarrel with China, can we have tea?—if we quarrel with America, can we have cotton?—if the West Indies fail us, can we have sugar? Can we have rum, wood, coffee, rice, and hundreds of other articles, from India, if the course of events should shut us out from their purchase in quarters to which we now resort? No doubt we can; and all that is needed is to provide in time. Cleanliness and care in the preparation of several of these great staples are alone requisite to make the Indian produce compete with the best of other countries.

It is impossible for us to go into Dr. Royle's details. Cotton is indigenous to India, and may be cultivated of the finest texture and quality. The sugar-cane is native, and equally susceptible of cultivation.* The culture of silk might be carried on in many parts of India; and much of the table land is quite as well suited to the growth of wool. Dr. R. says:—

“That great improvement in the breed of sheep may be effected in India, will be readily believed by those who have seen the highly improved breed of horses now produced at the government studs, for mounting both her majesty's and the Company's regiments of cavalry, as well as the horse artillery in India. So also the breed of cattle produced in the government establishment at Hissar, in the Hurrannah district, for the ordnance and carriage department of the foot artillery are vastly superior to the ordinary cattle of the country, in consequence of the great pains taken to improve them. The cattle known as the Mysore breed, and noted for their great activity and spirit, are also the produce of a breeding establishment kept up by government, and called the Amrit Mahal, of which the object is to supply bullocks for the gun-carriage department and commissariat. It is, therefore, far from problematical that sheep may be improved in the very districts where these fine cattle are produced, and be as superior to the ordinary sheep of India as the government bullocks are to the ordinary bullocks of the country.”

The finest tobacco has been produced in Arracan and elsewhere.

* Besides the timbers commonly employed,

* “Sugar is one of the ancient productions of India, which was early known to the nations of the West, and to the Greeks, four or five hundred years before the Christian era. It was at first called ‘honey of canes,’ and afterwards *sakkar*, which is its Indian, and evidently the original of its European names, as *sukker* *sucre* is of sugar candy, thus indicating very clearly their Eastern origin. The Saracens introduced the sugar-cane into Sicily and the south of Europe, and the Portuguese into the Canaries; from thence it was taken to Hispaniola in the year 1506. The remarkable effects produced by the introduction of a vegetable are, in no case, more conspicuous than in the transportation of the coffee and of the sugar-cane into the West Indies. There, before the middle of the eighteenth century, no less than three hundred sail of ships went annually from Great Britain, besides those from other places. The navigation of France, also, was described even in 1701, in a memorial by a French Chamber of Commerce, as ‘owing all its increase and splendour to the commerce of its sugar islands;’ and this owing to the introduction of a plant which came originally from India. Yet that country has long been supposed, and still is so by many, incapable of manufacturing the product of the cane, so as to compete with those countries to which it has so freely given this, as well as many other of its natural riches,—as rice, ginger, indigo, tamarinds, the mangoes, the orange and lemon tribe. Coffee, cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon, and many others, have also been derived from parts of Asia.”

India produces a vast variety of trees which are possessed of every diversity of quality required in wood, and which may, whenever attention is paid to the subject, be applied to almost any purpose.*

The tea-plant, now so nationally interesting, occupies a good deal of Dr. Royle's notice, and his information and observation upon it are particularly worthy of regard. He writes:—

“The tea-plant has usually been considered very peculiar in its nature, and, like the cinnamon, nutmeg, clove, and mangosteen, very confined in its distribution, and therefore very difficult of cultivation in other countries. The author, when investigating the vegetation of the Himalayas in the general manner which has been described, and studying the practical application of the scientific information he had obtained, long ago conceived that, from the peculiarity of climate and of vegetation of the Himalayan Mountains, it was possible there, at certain elevations, and in suitable localities, to cultivate the tea-plant successfully as a commercial article. This, also, so as to retain the present proportion of astringent and of stimulant properties which makes the infusion of its leaves so grateful as a beverage. * * *

“It is said to delight particularly in sheltered valleys, the declivities of hills, or the banks of rivers, where it enjoys a southern exposure to the sun. These warm situations do not, however, appear to be essential to its welfare, as it is found to grow on the rugged tops of mountains; and, although it appears to attain the greatest perfection in the mild climate about Nankin, yet it flourishes in the northern latitude of Peking and in Japan, as well as about Canton; and thus appears to be confined within the parallels of 20° and 40° of north latitude.”

The Assam tea is described, but we can only allude to a small portion of Mr. Bruce's two reports. In both Dr. R. remarks,—

“Valuable details are given respecting the modes of preparation of the different kinds of tea; many of them are dependent on the age of the tea leaves, others on the mode of preparation. He says, that ‘the leaves of the green tea are not plucked the same as the black, although the tree or plant is one and the same, which has been proved beyond a shadow of doubt; for I am now plucking leaves for both green and black from the same tract and from the same plants; the difference lies in the manufacture, and nothing else.’ It may be so; but a question which has been so long disputed at Canton is not likely to be satisfactorily settled, and at once, in Assam. As the question will always occur to every one acquainted with the history of the subject, is this the mode of making the real high-flavoured green tea, or is it that of preparing the substitute which Mr. Reeves describes (p. 264) as yearly made in large quantities in the province of Canton, and in the manufacture of which the people there are such proficient? Mr. Bruce briefly states, that ‘in the latter part of the process a mixture of sulphate of lime and indigo, very finely pulverised, and sifted through fine muslin, in the proportion of three of the former to one of the latter, is added to a pan of tea, containing about seven pounds; about half a tea-spoonful of this mixture is put, and rubbed and rolled along with the tea in the pan about one hour.’ This is not added for the purpose of improving ‘the flavour of the tea, but merely to give it a uni-

* “A very extensive collection of Indian woods is contained in the Museum of the India House. One of 117 specimens was sent by Dr. Roxburgh, and one of 100 specimens from Java was presented from Dr. Horsfield. A collection of 436 kinds was also presented by Dr. Wallich.”

form colour and appearance, as without it some of the tea would be light and some dark.’ It does not seem reconcilable with our knowledge of the effects of heat, that increased exposure to high temperature should elicit finer flavour, and more stimulant properties, which we know to be characteristic of green tea. But this would be of no weight in opposition to positive testimony from China. Mr. Bruce's is decisive respecting the mode of manufacturing it in Assam, and seems to be corroborated by reports from India respecting the good quality of the green tea which has been prepared there. In the absence of trustworthy testimony from the green tea district of China, it will probably be possible by means of chemical tests, to detect the difference between the best green tea of China and that of Assam, if they should be differently prepared. Mr. Reeves's opinion is so positive respecting the substitute prepared at Canton; the leaves of the best green and black teas of commerce are so different from each other, each so like the plant known by its name in this country, and the green is so much more hardy than the black tea-plant, that we cannot consider the question decided, and must wait for more positive information than we have yet had from the green tea district of China.”

The following quotation is made for the sake of its novelties:—

“*Assafoetida* is a substance which, though used chiefly as a medicine in Europe, is of immense consumption in India. Both Hindoos and Musselmans use it as a seasoning to food, and it is brought down in very large quantities to the fair at Hurdwar. A species was found by Dr. Falconer on the most western part of the course of the Indus within the mountains. Plants and seeds having been introduced, he thinks it may be brought into cultivation in the Himalayas. In the price currents of Bombay, Calcutta, and Canton, an article is constantly seen under the name of *putchuk*, as an import into the last, and an export from the two former places. Of the *putchuk*, 6697½ bazar mands, of the value of 99,903 rupees, were exported from Calcutta in the year 1837–38; it would appear, therefore, that it is a product of some part of the Indian territory. The author, in comparing specimens of *putchuk* procured in Calcutta with those of a substance which in the northern provinces was called *orris-root* by some Europeans and *koot* by the natives, found that they were identical. When in the northern provinces he had learned that *koot* was imported from Lahore. Subsequently he was informed by Mr. Becker, who was long engaged in mercantile transactions at Allyghur, that what he bought in Northern India by the name of *koot* was sold in Calcutta as *putchuk*. On consulting the works now in use among the natives of Northern India, it was seen that *koot* was without doubt the costus of the ancients. This was highly esteemed by the latter, burnt as incense on their altars, and described by them as being procured from India; affording a remarkable confirmation, with many others, of the knowledge which they possessed of the useful products of even remote parts of India. On Dr. Falconer's proceeding on his journey to Cashmere, the author requested him to make inquiries respecting this substance, and he discovered that it was exported from the valley in large quantities to the Punjab, whence it finds its way to Bombay and Calcutta; and that it is sold in China at an advance of about three thousand per cent on the price at which it is gathered in Cashmere. Dr. F. subsequently

found it growing in great abundance all round the elevated summits of Cashmere. From the plants with which it is associated, and the circumstances under which the koot grows, being one of the composita, or thistle tribe, with feathered seed, of which, when once established, the dissemination becomes easy; Dr. F. has no hesitation in thinking that it could be produced to an unlimited extent, of the best quality, in the Himalayas at elevations of from seven thousand five hundred to nine thousand feet above the sea, and that the Choor Mountain alone might be brought in a few years to produce thousands of maunds of it. Preparatory to diffusing the koot, or costus, he has introduced it into the Mussooree nursery. The prangos is another vegetable product highly valued in the cold and arid region of Tibet, where it is indigenous, and which Mr. Moorcroft (v. p. 179) thought would be valuable as fodder for sheep and cattle in European countries. Dr. F. found it in Tibet, and also most abundantly on Abatong, a low trap hill in the valley of Cashmere; but here it was not so vigorous as in its Tibetan habitat. Though abundant in various directions, the Cashmerians do not esteem it of any value; and Dr. F. is of opinion that its importance has been much over-estimated, in consequence of its being the only food in many of the bleak and barren tracts of Tibet. In Cashmere, where, far from a deficiency of herbage, there is actually a superabundance of pasture grasses, it is necessarily much less esteemed. The prangos will, therefore, most probably be a valuable acquisition only in countries devoid of good natural pasturage, and of which the climate is favourable to its growth."

The gardens at Saharnpore have done much for the introduction of valuable plants into India. The potato both in the plains and mountains is excellent:—

"The sago palm and the true West India maranta have been introduced into Calcutta, and very excellent arrowroot prepared there; and the tapioca or cassava plant is now common in gardens in most parts of India. Those which abound in saccharine principle are of less importance, as the sugar-cane is so easily cultivated; and, with care, excellent sugar is produced almost every where."

In short, there is nothing wanted but European example, capital, and perseverance, to insure an agricultural and vegetable produce, and a manufacturing skill, which will equal India against the whole world in the commercial system of the British empire: and for all that tends to make this clearly understood, both hemispheres are deeply indebted to Dr. Royle.

We have left ourselves very little to say of Mr. Elphinstone's two volumes. Coming from him is enough to stamp them as of the highest authority. They are indeed admirably written—a pattern of historical succinctness, and yet containing all that we wish to learn. A general description of India is followed by a clear exposition of the Hindu population, government, religion, language, science, chronology, arts, literature, &c. &c., from the time of Menu to our day; and the history of the Mahometan invasion—the Greek accounts—the Moguls to the extinction of their empire eighty years ago, are all executed in so clear and delightful a manner, that we may confess for the first time we have really enjoyed a history of India.

Vivia Perpetua: a Dramatic Poem in Five Acts. By Sarah Flower Adams. 8vo. pp. 200. London, 1841. Fox.

THE declared object of this poem being to de-

velop character and motive, and not to strain for dramatic effect, it behoves us to consider it under the aspects of its presentation. And in this light we must accord to its beauties, whether of poetry, thought, or sentiment, a higher meed of applause than if we had viewed it as a candidate for the acting drama. For the latter, indeed, it is entirely unfit; whilst for the former it displays so much of merit that we are inclined to rank it very high among the best productions of its class in our day. That it never rises into grandeur is, perhaps, more owing to the nature of the theme than to the want of power in the writer; and the same remark may possibly apply to the absence (except in one or two instances) of intensity of passion. The human feelings being checked and subdued, is a hard curb upon the imaginative, and almost of necessity reduces the delineations to the didactic, the moral, and, only to a certain degree, the pathetic. When we get above the hopes, fears, and affections of our world, we also get above its sympathies; and the poet, like the martyr, must look beyond the earth for his reward. Still there is room for other kinds of excellence; and it is but justice to Mrs. Adams to say that she has attained to them in many a passage of her delightful composition.

The story of Vivia is well known in the histories of the early Christian Church, and soon told. The daughter of a noble Roman at Carthage, a young widow, and the mother of a boy-child, she was converted to Christianity, and, on detection, refusing to bow the recalcitrant knee to Caesar, was martyred in the arena with several others of the same obnoxious sect. Her father, Vivius, is represented as an ambitious and intolerant persecutor, upon whom this blow fell terribly; he is contrasted with Hilarianus, a thorough epicure, Prefect of Carthage; and there are satellites round the chief characters, such as a bitter priest of Jupiter; a Jew informer; the jovial companions of the Prefect; the friends, son, clients, and adherents, of Vivius; a female friend, youthful admirer and Christian slave, the instrument of her conversion, attached to the heroine; and sundry Christians in whose communion she perishes. The situations or scenes are few:—the residences of Vivius, of Vivia, of the Prefect; a cave where the Christians meet, the forum, and the arena. The religious colloquies are somewhat of the longest; and the triumph of enthusiasm over maternal love and filial piety is to our mind the result of a painful struggle, at which reflective and unagitated humanity revolts; though, under the inspiration of deep conviction and persecuted principles, it is not inconsistent with what has happened in real life. But we now leave criticism for selection, and promise our readers a fair illustration of the author's varied powers. The following pithy remark is by Statius, a hollow ally of Vivius, upon the ambitious projects of the latter:—

"These upward strivers often find
But downward fortunes. Ever are his eyes
Turned towards some dazzling greatness, till made blind,
E'en by the sun that lures, he vaguely grasps
At things beyond his reach—to find but air.
Yet with so much of substance, there's no harm
To play with him at shadows."

And in return Vivius thus speaks of him:—

"I would that Statius had not been so dull:
He is the leader of your cautious flock,
The sheep of the city,—each going after each,
The known track following,—sure, if he took the leap,
They to leap after—where? No matter, so
He were their leader. Numbers act on numbers,—
Fools help to swell a crowd, like better men."

Another just observation:—

"No way shews but this—
That to a man unsuited in his life
Sometimes there clings a fear lest foul report
Arise to taint him; and we know how oft
Envy doth make profession of belief
In ill, where most she feels amount of good."

The portrait of the fat plebeian Prefect is a spirited sketch:—

"I like the fat—it makes him more complete:
To see him at a feast! His eyes brim'd o'er
With mirth—or wine, that, mounting to his head,
Look'd out again—his kindly face aghast
With all the unctuous treasure he hath stored;
The flesh of stalled beves—their butcher (rogue!)
Did promise them they ne'er should see their deaths—
For why? their eyes were buried ere they died;
Of Trojan bears, who, for their loss! the chase,
Came stuff'd with other meats in full revenge;
Fat fish, that toll'd with ineffectual fin;
The honey borne of bees, so heavy laden
That they broke down, and had to be unpack'd;
The oil of olive-gardens, where the sun
Did seem himself to melt, and yet the while
Did melt most dexterously each luscious drop
From the crude green into the mellow gold;
Rich fruits, so ripe upon the bending boughs,
That, scarcely touch'd, they dropp'd into the hand.
You would not have a man ungateful! No;
He doth repay in kind the bounteous gifts;
No ingrate he! His very laugh is fat.
'Ha, ha!'—'it almost smothers whom 't would cheer."

How unlike is the melancholy mind of Vivia!—

"This is more than weariness I feel:—
A sense of death now newly wak'd within.
Peace, peace! And dwell not peace and death to
gether?
His aspect grim now wears an angel's face;
Though all is shadow underneath his wing,
Yet is it shelter—peace, even in death."

And the following by Statius, the Christian leader, is one of the finest passages in the poem:—

"I do believe,
Were love omnipotent within ourselves,
We were extinct. I cannot answer thee—
I am but man, while He is God o'er all.
Yet as a man show mealiness in this,
That I will trust the Power hath given me all,
Nor meanly scant my thankfulness with doubt.
The mystery sleeps, while Faith, with arms adold
Over a trusting heart, sits smiling by.
It sleeps, o'ercanopied by starry heavens,
And cradled in earth's beauty. Let it rest:
While sunshine comes to herald in the day;
While flows and breezes intermingle sweets;
While birds still warble gladness out, like light
Athwart the azure heavens; while mountains stand—
Those silent, shadowy chroniclers of time—
To wake within our eyes and hearts a worship;
While you great joy of God, the ocean, heaves
To seek the skies that mate it in his glory;
While stately pageants throng the heavens by day,
And multitudinous brightness crowns the night;
While the calm interposing twilight comes,
Tender and gracious, hand in hand with these
Her grander sisters—(see, you unmatchable star
Now decks her dusky forehead into light!);
While man, the fine epitome of all,
Is master made of all, yea, more than all—
Hath given to him a mind that can create
Worlds endless out of this, with leave of choice
Of what or seemeth good or ill to him;
While love, the crowning gift that comes from heav'n,
A ray that streams direct from forth the Godhead,
Lights up an earthborn man into an angel,
Who wings his way to heav'n upon the track;
While for each sorrow, high and strong as e'er,
There lives a stronger good may ride the wave,
Singing the while its triumph to the skies,—
Oh, can we stay to question pain—why art thou?
Nor take at once the way she points to joy!
Beware of doubt, that gloomiest, coldest cloud,
A shroud of death in life for human hearts.
That cloud doth hover near a land where souls,
Once falling, lose the will to soar again;
Where man, a godless, loveless worm, doth cling
To the earth whereon he crawls, to let proud death
Crush him with bonny foot into the dust."

Vivia disclaims fear in a brief but charming image:—

"What should I fear, while truth doth lend me on,
The vestal of an everlasting lamp?"

And, again, her fervent aspirations:—

"The heav'n's! Up to the heav'n's for hope, for light.
Yon crescent moon, and those intelligent stars,
Sure they are in communion. Are they wrapt
In the eternity they promise?—these
Ling'ring (while all those countless multitudes
Have left the sky unto the coming dawn),
Lost in their converse deep, Ye beautiful!
That draw up what was pain from out the heart,
And fill the empty void with heavenly peace."

For ever there! Ye are the very same
That o'er the lowly home in Nazareth
Have nearer come, to light the silent vigil
Of Him who slept not, while he sought the way
To bring our souls to everlasting rest.
Felicitas. Lady, it is an awful thing to think
That all you sleeping city should be heathen.
Vivia. And yet the stars of heav'n shine over all.
What are ye, that ye clasp us to your love?
Too far for knowledge, yet how near for love!
Ye sing to us. A harmony divine
Goes on the while I look, as though I listen'd,
As though ye heard and answer'd to the choir
Of seraphs praising round the throne of God—
Glory to God alike their song and yours:
O earth! hast thou no echo for such strain?"

Leaving the sacred strain for a moment, we
copy a grace of another sort; a charming classic
description of drinking cups at a symposium
of Hilarianus. It runs thus:—

"*Servilius.* Our worthy governor! 'tis ever thus,
We know not which to praise,—his wine or wit.
Hilarianus. If thou didst have as little of my wine
As of my wit, thou'dst be a soberer man
Than I am like to be thee be, *Servilius*.
Come, fill! and take thy fill, and praise thy fill;
For never did the god for me—bright Bacchus
(*Camus*, with reverence to almighty Jove),
Borrow his beams of Sol for better deed;
Ha! *sine cerd*—look you, that's the thing.
Lentulus. I have some drinking-vessels newly come
From Italy; they are of rare device.
One hath a dancing faun for pedestal:
The eyes, the face, the limbs, are so on the move,
You wonder how the cup escapes the trick.
Hilarianus. Ha! that's a fair conceit: I like the
hint,
To take good wine from out bad custody.
Lentulus. Another thus, borne on th' upraised arm
Of a bewitching Venus, who, in sport,
Would lift the cup beyond the reach of Cupid.
With cunning grace she turns in search for him:
While he, as sportive, flies up to the brim,
And there doth lip the draught with up-turned wing:
Not the first time Cupid hath served as handle
For a flowing bowl.
Servilius. Capital!"

The scene of the Christian in the cavern
does not come up to our expectations; and we
pass it by with its and other lyrics, as well as
the last supper of the doomed Christian cap-
tives in prison, in order that we may conclude
with the most impassioned quotation we can
find in the poem. *Vivia* says:—

"The pain of martyrdom dwells not in death.
Think'st thou the love that dares it hath not joy
In loving, to make light the keenest pangs
That touch the body? No!—the torture comes,
And sharper'd fangs are busiest at the heart,
When all the old affections are dragg'd forth,
And torn upon the rack."

And her father enters with his last effort to
shake her resolution:—

"*Vivius.* Do ye know me, who I am?—no, no—no
wonder!
I am older many years since yester morn.
I was before that time a man named *Vivius*,
A happy father, who did read his hopes
Upon the noble brows, and, as he thought,
The most true brows, of a beloved daughter!
I am—I know not what. And when I ask
Help of the outward universe to bring
Back to myself the former consciousness,
The sun shuts up the while I look on him;
The stars all hurry past me while I pray;
The earth sinks from my feet: all false! all false!"

Vivia. It was your wont
To question, that an answering lip might come
Of names, of things, almost too large for one
Of infant speech. Ask me of this,—what is it?
Why, I should say, it is a water-cruise;
I know it that, and could not say it other.
I could no more deny to those who ask
Of me, what am I—I do know myself
A Christian, and must say I am a Christian.

Vivius. Thy breath comes to me like the sharpen'd
air,
To cut my heart in twain: cold,—cold. But, no!
Here's fire enough. And I will show the world
White ashes yet may cover glowing heat!
You had a boy.

Vivia. Dead?
Vivius. To you!

Vivia. Oh, cruel!—
Vivius. Oh, spare me, for 'tis here that I am weak.

No, no, spare me, for 'tis here I would be strong.
And, trust Christ's mercy, he will guard a child
Blest by such love as mine hath had upon him.
Such love, sure am I, it can never perish.
Now now doth comfort, like a flower, spring up

Sudden within my breast. You—you,—I know
That you will nourish him,—will cherish him,—
Will teach his tongue the truth you taught to mine;
(And hath not Christ abundant for the rest?)
And when that he and time have smil'd down sorrow,
Oft will you, while you sit and gaze on him,
See his dead mother live from out his eyes,—
His loving eyes; and then,—dear child! dear father!

Vivius (*falling at her feet*).
You weep!—you weep! Oh! let those tears at once
Revive my dying hopes like dew, and quench
The fire that's smouldering in a tortured brain.
Once more; yet save me—save myself;—thou canst;
'Tis not too late. Although the storm hangs black,
A word can wave it off, and bring us heaven!
Oh save me from a poison'd livid past!
Oh save me from a future, that doth yawn
A flaming gulf of hell before my feet!

These are thy father's hands that clasp thy knees;
These are his lips, that on thy very feet
Now print their hope for mercy. Save me! save me!
Vivia. Oh that my blood had double tide, that I
Might die another death for thy salvation!
Up—up, my father!—my own noble father!
It is itself in me that stands erect!—
Claim kindred with thine own.

Vivius. Thou teachest well.
I thank thee for thy counsel,—this the last
That we shall take together. I am up;
But not to claim. Utterly I disclaim
All kindred with thee! Blood thou'rt none of mine.
Blood thou hast none in thee; thy heart is stone.
Weakness in me to pray, to weep to it;
Weakness in thee, that thou dost blindly scan
The doom that darkly gathers o'er our house.
E'en now the Fates begin with busy finger
To weave the dusky web shall midnigh shroud
Him, the devoted of a mother's shame!"

These extracts will speak to the genius dis-
played in *Vivia Perpetua*.

London Assurance: a Comedy in Five Acts.
By Dion. L. Bourcault. 1841. London,
for the Author, Andrews.

THE author, in a modest and well-becoming
preface, states that he was hurried by the man-
agement of Covent Garden to complete this
comedy "made to order on the shortest pos-
sible notice," in the short space of thirty days;
and consequently confesses literary imperfec-
tions, which a fitter period for the production
of such a work would have enabled him to
avoid. Under this pressure he says:—

"My sole object was to throw together a
few scenes of a dramatic nature. * * * I at-
tempted to instil a pungency into the dialogue,
and to procure vivid tones by a strong antithesis
of character."

He afterwards adds:—

"I could have wished my first appearance
had not been in this out-of-breath style; but I
saw my opportunity at hand—I knew how im-
portant it was not to neglect the chance of
production—the door was open—I had a run
for it—and here I am."

And well where you are! You have done
wonders under the circumstances; and we have
little fear when master of your own time that,
with your decided dramatic talent, you will
produce plays worthy of your first success and
of the English stage.

*Jairah; a Dramatic Mystery: and other
Poems.* By Lady E. Stuart Wortley. Pp.
380. London, 1841. Rickerby.

THE preceding author was driven for a moment's
time: Lady S. Wortley is not; and yet it is the
only thing her poetic productions want. There
are feeling, elegance, sweetness, pathos, de-
scriptive powers—many essentials of true po-
etry, but they are not allowed justice by the
rapidity with which they are poured out.
There are hundreds of beauties in this volume;
but they are interlarded with such instances of
carelessness, of want of polish, and of vagueness
from not maturing the thought so as express it
truly and forcibly, that we confess we are pro-
voked with the accomplished author to such a
degree, that we do not recognise her merits as
we ought, and would otherwise do.

Eva. By the Same. Pp. 154.

Fiesco, from the German of Schiller. Pp. 140.
1841. London: Saunders and Otley. Edin-
burgh: Bell and Bradfute.

A LITERAL and constrained prose translation
of a play which we never considered one of the
author's best.

*The Earl of Brecon; Faith's Fraud; The
Ferryman.* The two former, Tragedies;
the last, a Drama: in Five Acts each. By
Robert Landor, M.A. author of "The Im-
pious Feast," &c. 8vo. pp. 306. London,
1841. Saunders and Otley.

THESE plays do not aim at much of poetry,
but are constructed to enforce three morals, viz.
patient forbearance under shame and ruin;
sacred obligations discharged at the cost of all,
and life itself; and endurance and forgiveness.
The first is the best, and gives a fair idea of
ancient ferdal Welsh strife and manners; the
last is very German-like in its familiar parts.

Count de Denia; a Play in Five Acts. By
Horatio Huntley Hoskins, Esq. Pp. 118.
London, 1841. Southgate.

A STRANGE play by H. H. H.; strange in
contrivance, in expression, and in every dra-
matic respect. We need say no more; for the
author dares critics to speak of "conglome-
rations of nonsense," and his work is, in truth,
often little removed from that character either
in sentiment or language. The style is alto-
gether very stilted.

Waldemar, surnamed Seir, or the Victorious.
Translated from the Danish of B. S. Inge-
mann. By a Lady. 3 vols. 12mo. London,
1841. Saunders and Otley.

INGEMANN, the Danish Scott, is little known,
even by reputation, to the English reader; and
yet, if a rich blending of imagination, supersti-
tion, historical character, and the manners of
particular periods, constitute a claim to popu-
larity beyond the bounds of native land and
language, this author is well entitled to that
degree of success. We rejoice, therefore, to
see one of his best works rendered into our
tongue by a good and agreeable translation, and
that we are thus enabled to enjoy the peculiar
beauties of a writer whose matter is not only
interesting, but possesses a degree of novelty
from treating of subjects with which even
northern antiquaries are but slightly familiar.
Thus *Waldemar* belongs to the beginning of
the thirteenth century, and is deeply imbued
with Scandinavian legend and literature,—a fine
picture of the age, reflecting its opinions, feelings,
and customs, in a vigorous and striking style.

The strain is of courtly pomps, and chival-
rous and warlike achievements: we have royal
marriages and hostile intrigues; secret loves
and headstrong passions; contests, battles, ec-
clesiastical influences; and, in short, the whole
living machinery of the times in action, and
tinged, as we have observed, with the wild
romance that pertained to it, and was long
after cherished by the successors of the Scalds.
From such a work it is impossible to select any
quotation that would sufficiently illustrate its
connected story; but we will extract a few
pages, simply to suggest a general idea of its
nature, without encroaching on the mysteries,
which will render it more acceptable to the
readers to whom we trust our praise will re-
commend it. We shall be much mistaken if
they do not thank us for the gratification it
affords them:—

"The report of the queen's dangerous re-
lapse brought the revels in the palace to an
abrupt conclusion. The king threw down the
chess-table at which he was playing, and hast-
ened to her chamber; but Master Haprestræng

had forbidden all ingress, and ordered perfect quiet for the patient. Accordingly, all was soon as still in the castle as if its numerous inhabitants lay dead. It was only in the streets of Ribé, which were thronged with groups of revellers returning from the castle, that any traces were visible of the interrupted festivities. The evening was far advanced. Thorgier Danaskiald stood in a melancholy mood by the side of Carl of Riscé, before the castle-gate, gazing on the huge dark building in which the light of festive torches had so lately gleamed, and the beaker-clang and mirth resounded, but whence joy and festivity had now vanished, as with a thunder-stroke. Now there shone only a still feeble light from the chamber of the sick queen, save that here and there a solitary lamp moved unsteadily and hurriedly through the adjoining passages and chambers. The sky was gloomy and overcast, and it was as if death hovered in the thick stormy clouds, and threatened the royal palace. 'And can it be, that joy and happiness have departed from Ribéhus?' sighed Thorgier. 'I thought not it would be thus, when the bridal torches burnt so brightly, and the peasants danced so gaily on this spot. "Brave Strangé with Queen Dagmar sails," I then sang—now I fear I may soon sing "Bright Angels with Queen Dagmar fly,"—but what keeps us here so long? Good Carl, thou standest as if thou wert rooted to the ground, and starest on the passers-by as if thou wert keeping watch, and expected a foe in every one that came out of the castle.' 'I am keeping watch, sure enough,' answered Carl, 'but, if I see right, my eye is now on him I am looking for. See! thou that little dark crooked figure moving so stealthily past the wall, with a bundle of parchments, or whatever it is, under his arm?' 'What wouldst thou with him? Let him go in peace, it is only a poor harmless pilgrim, on his way to the Holy Land.' 'It is a wolf in sheep's clothing on his way to hell,' said Carl: 'it is the outlawed priest who attempted Count Otto's life, and would have betrayed the king's secrets to his enemies. I have been on his track the whole day, but he hath no doubt perceived it, and contrived to escape me; now, however, I have him safe. I dare not, indeed, make any noise in the castle, but the moment he sets his foot without the gate, I seize him by the throat and take him to the tower.—See! he stops, and looks around. Come aside a little—depend upon it, that fellow means no good, either to the king or Count Otto. They say he has found protection with the Counts of Schwerin. If he is in their service, no doubt he has come here as a spy and traitor. But what hath become of him? I see him not—it looks like witchcraft: I am ready to believe he can make himself invisible. Come, Thorgier, help me to find him.' 'If he is yet in the castle-yard, find him we surely must,' said Thorgier; 'and in that case, I should have no mercy on him.' As Carl and Thorgier entered the court-yard in the hope of catching the traitorous Arnfred, he had luckily just made his escape through the back yard, and was soon riding at a full gallop through the streets of Ribé, carrying with him a heavy roll of papers, to which, with matchless effrontery, he had contrived to find his way in the king's closet, during the bustle and stir of the revels. The wily priest had instantly remarked that he was recognised by Carl at the door of the cathedral, when his revengeful glance at Otto betrayed him to his friend. He had, therefore, prudently deferred his meditated revenge to a better opportunity, and turned his attention to

the accomplishment of the villainous trick, upon the success of which his future favour with the Counts of Schwerin entirely depended. With these important documents under his arm, and a sharp dagger concealed under his cloak, he had lurked, as he returned from the king's chamber, in the dark passages of the castle, waiting for the twilight, and in hopes of revenging himself on Count Otto. But when the banquet was so suddenly interrupted, it became necessary to take means for his own safety, and he breathed not freely until he had passed through the gates of Ribé, when he proceeded at a somewhat slower pace along the short piece of road by the river that led towards the wood. As he was thus riding along, he suddenly heard a plash in the water, which caused his horse to shy on the opposite side of the road, and he was himself so startled by it, that he dropped the bridle from his hand; but what still more alarmed him, and made his guilty conscience tremble, was the sight of a pale female figure, who, with a garland of rushes in her dark streaming locks, was dancing by the river's side in the moonlight, and singing a wild fearful song, which she often interrupted by bursts of laughter. Arnfred's hair stood on end with affright. The sight of a place of execution opposite, where a criminal lay dead on the wheel, and whence a couple of ravens mingled their hoarse cries with the song and laughter of the woman, added still more to his terror. He repeated all the prayers that his fears would permit him to recollect, but his horse plunged and reared, and he soon lay insensible on the grassy banks of the river. When he came to himself he looked fearfully around, but he saw only the wheel, and heard the murmur of the stream. The witch whom he imagined he had seen was vanished. He took courage, therefore, and rose up. His horse was gone: his dagger was glittering in the grass by his side; he seized it hastily, but sought with deep but fruitless anxiety for the important packet: it was nowhere to be found. He fancied he heard a splash in the river, and a distant laugh among the weeds, and without pursuing his search for the papers, fled with his dagger in his hand as fast as his trembling limbs could carry him, and disappeared on the other side the place of execution, like a criminal escaped from the gallows and the hands of the hangman. The following morning, Master Harpestræng appeared with a joyful countenance before the king, and informed him that the queen was better, and that he trusted, with God's help, there was now no danger of her life. 'Her pious resignation, my liege,' said the physician, 'avails her more than all my medicinal skill; for piety is the best medicine both for soul and body! If her grace will avoid all strong excitement, as well as swine's flesh, goat's flesh, and smoked hare; item salmon, pickled herring, horn-fish, and all kinds of salted meats, I trust, with the help of our blessed Lady, there is nought to fear.' The king soon satisfied himself that this was the case; for he often visited the queen, and saw her daily getting better. He rejoiced heartily thereat, and remained at Ribéhus: but the unusually quiet life he was compelled to lead depressed him, and did violence to his natural temper."

Pilgrimages to the Spas in Pursuit of Health and Recreation; with an Inquiry into the Comparative Merits of Different Mineral Waters, &c. &c. By James Johnson, M.D. &c. 8vo. pp. 289. London, 1841. Higley. MINGLED with a vast deal of sound informa-

tion and intelligence concerning Nature's doctors' shops—the Spas of Germany, we have a fund of pleasant light matter in this volume, which will render it attractive to the general reader as well as the professional man. Dr. Johnson appears to have paid many flying visits to Germany, and, from notes kept during them, to have concocted a couple of pilgrimages to the principal bathing and water-drinking places in that country. Hurrying over oft-trodden ground, we cannot expect much originality of description, or a great deal that is new; still, the Doctor, from avoiding verbosity, introducing many amusing anecdotes, and frequently quoting from other authors, has made a book which will be eagerly consulted by those who may seek health or recreation at the German spas in the coming season.

His first pilgrimage was up the Rhine; and from his hasty glances upon either bank we take an example. The Doctor was seized with a desire of affixing morals to all the legends of this legendary *locale*; though we cannot say that we think these adaptations flow as readily from the premises as the waters do from the wells. We leave them, therefore, for Wisbaden:—

"Three grand theories respecting the causes and sources of thermal springs divide the transcendental philosophers, naturalists, and physicians of Germany. These are the electrochemical, the volcanic, and the vital. Wurzer expresses the opinions of the first class thus:—'As Nature is performing her operations in her immense laboratory, she has here a galvanic apparatus of immense size. Extensive masses of mountain, perhaps of unfathomable depth, probably form the individual plates of this voltaic column.' This is tolerably bold. While Brand and Faraday are dissolving metals by the tiny galvanic apparatus in Albemarle Street, Nature is manufacturing mineral waters at Wisbaden, Ems, and Carlsbad, on a magnificent scale! Lichtenberg, however, surpasses Wurzer in the sublimity of his ideas on this subject. 'In the distilling operations of Nature, the belly of her retort sometimes lies in Africa, its neck extending all over Europe; whilst its recipient is in—Siberia!' Bischoff, Struve, Kastner, and others, are more moderate in their flights. They ascribe the origin of some thermal springs to volcanic operations in the bowels of the earth—of other springs to the gradual solution of their component parts in subterranean reservoirs. The third class of philosophers have boldly cut the Gordian knot, instead of untying it, and erected thermal springs and mineral waters generally into animated beings which transfuse their vitality into the bodies of the spa-drinkers, and thus cure all diseases! 'These and similar observations (says Dr. Peetz, of Wisbaden) compel us to admit the existence of a peculiar vital principle in mineral waters, communicating to the human body either an attractive faculty more consonant with the medicinal component parts of the water; or, acting by itself as a healing power upon the diseased organism.' The Italics are those of Dr. Peetz, and not mine. German mysticism could hardly be expected to go farther. But it has outdone itself, as the following extract will shew:—'The partial effect of the medicinal component parts of mineral waters is pushed back, as it were, retreating under theegis of a general power which directly excites the autonomy of the animated animal body, and compels it to act according to the particular quality of the mineral spring determined by its component

* The Mineral Waters of Wisbaden. By Dr. Peetz, p. 103.

parts.—(104.) Here we have a good specimen of German ideality and transcendental mystification! My friend, Dr. Granville, like every other man of genius, has a hankering after a theory; but he was too shrewd not to see that this monstrous German hypothesis of 'vitality' would be too large even for the swallow of John Bull. He has therefore substituted a much more rational and intelligible reason for the effects of thermal spas—namely, their caloricity, as differing materially from that of common water heated to the same degree of temperature. It is very easy to conceive that caldrons that have been kept boiling in the bowels of the earth for thousands of years, will have diffused the caloric more uniformly and minutely through the waters, and dissolved more completely the mineral ingredients, than pots and kettles in the laboratory of the chemist. This, in all probability, is the solution of the mystery respecting the superior efficacy of thermal spas."

From thermal springs we come to gambling houses:—

"And here I may glance at a curious species of one-sided morality strictly enforced by the late Duke of Nassau, the prohibition of gambling in the 'curst-hells,' among his own subjects; while free permission is given to all foreigners to rob and plunder each other at roulette and rouge et noir in the open day—Sundays and Saturdays! When I said free permission, I was wrong. The license to gamble is sold to the bankers of each Curstal (curst-hell) for a large sum, which goes into the ducal treasury. I puzzled my brains, for a long time, in the attempt to discover the principle of this law, and at length found it, as far off as China. The geographers of that country represent the Celestial Empire as occupying nearly the whole of the dry land of this globe, the various other countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, being located as small islands dotted in the ocean, and inhabited by barbarians. Now it is clear that the late duke considered his Duchy of Nassau as the Celestial Empire of Europe, the other nations, as Russia, Prussia, Austria, Italy, Spain, England, America, &c. being mere barbarians, whose morals were not worth preserving, whose souls were not worth saving, and whose gold alone was worth gathering into the royal exchequer at Biberich!"

Of "German Society and Manners" we are told:—

"There are few places where a stranger can have a better *coup-d'œil* of German habits and manners than at the spas; where all ranks and classes from the prince to the peasant are jumbled together without ever jostling each other. They drink together, bathe together, walk together, talk together, smoke together, joke together, dine together, muse together, sup together—and, then go to bed, all with the greatest decorum, quietude, civility—and I may add, ceremony."

Among the new ideas in medicine, which are always starting up and gaining ground in Germany, we may notice Hydropathy, or cold-water treatment, of which Dr. J. gives the following account:—

"Before proceeding further on the cold bath, let us glance at the peculiar manner in which it is employed by the hydro-therapeutic doctors of Germany, who have now establishments in many of the principal towns. About four or five o'clock in the morning, the patient is wrapped up to the chin (while in bed) in a thick woollen shirt. Outside of this is placed another covering of down, fur, or any warm

and impermeable material. In a short time the disengagement of animal heat from the body thus enveloped, forms a fervid atmosphere around him, which soon induces a copious perspiration, in the greater number of individuals. It has been observed that, in diseased parts, as for instance, in the joints of gouty people, the perspiration was longest in breaking out. When the skin is obstinate, friction and other means are used to accelerate the cutaneous discharge. When the physician judges that the perspiration has been sufficient, the patient is quickly disrobed and plunged into a cold bath, which is kept ready at the side of his bed. The first shock is very unpleasant; but that over, the invalid feels very comfortable, and when the process is likely to prove favourable, there is frequently observed on the surface of the water a kind of viscid scum, the supposed morbid matter thrown off from the body. The period of immersion in the cold bath is carefully watched, for if protracted too long it proves hurtful, or even dangerous. Some people will not bear the cold immersion above a minute—others are allowed to remain till the approach of a second shiver. Where the patient is very delicate or weak, the temperature of the bath is raised a little. In other cases, the bath is artificially depressed below the natural temperature of the water. On emerging from the bath, the patient is quickly dressed, and immediately commences exercise, and drinks abundantly of cold water. The limit to this ingurgitation is sense of pain, or weight in the stomach. The patient, although rather averse to the cold drink at first, soon becomes fond of it, and will swallow fifteen or twenty goblets with a keen relish. After the promenade and cold drink is over, a nourishing breakfast is taken. All stimulating or exciting beverages are entirely prohibited. The appetite generally becomes keen, and the digestion, even of dyspeptics, strong and effective during this course. Between breakfast and dinner is variously employed, according to the strength of the patients, or the nature of the disease. Some take riding or pedestrian exercise—others gymnastics—and a few have more cold water, as a plunging or shower-bath. The dinner is to be light, and soon after mid-day. It is generally taken with a keen appetite. During the three or four hours after dinner, all exercise of mind or body is forbidden, but sleep is not to be indulged in. Towards evening, some of the stronger patients repeat the same process which they underwent in the morning; but those who are weak, or in whom the crisis is approaching, only take cold water to drink in moderation. After a slight supper the patient retires to sleep, in order that he may early resume the routine of the water-cure. The professors of this system vary the mode of application almost infinitely—especially the external application of the cold water, according to the general or local seat of the complaint. They act very much on the doctrine of revulsion or derivation. Thus, when there are symptoms of fulness or congestion about the head or the chest, a half-bath or hip-bath of cold water is employed, disregarding the first impression of cold on the lower parts of the body, but looking to the reaction which is to take place there, and to the consequent derivation of blood from the head and chest. Foot-baths, cold lotions, fomentations, and poultices, are variously used, according to the nature or seat of the malady."

Before proceeding further, it will be proper to explain that the transition from a hot bath to a cold one, even in a state of perspiration, is not half so dangerous as most

people imagine. It is well known that if we jump out of hot water into cold, we resist the shock, and bear the effects of the latter better than if we took the plunge without any preparation. But then there is a strong prejudice that perspiration is an insuperable bar to the application of cold water to the surface. If the individual has come into a state of perspiration from bodily exercise, and especially if he be fatigued or exhausted—then the cold water would be dangerous. But this is not the case, to any extent, when he is warmed either by the hot bath, or by the accumulation of heat generated in his own body. This is proved by authentic facts which have come under my own observation. Forty years ago, when the Russian troops were encamped in the islands of Guernsey and Jersey, the soldiers constructed rude stone huts or ovens along the beach for vapour-baths. Into these they put stones, and heated them by fire, when they poured water over them, and thus filled the hut with a dense vapour. When the men had continued in this rude vapour-bath till they were in a state of perspiration, they leaped into the sea, and swam about till they were tired. All this was done, partly for health, and partly for pleasure. It is well known to all northern travellers, that the Russians are in the habit of steaming themselves in the vapour-baths, and then directly rolling themselves in the snow. Every one, too, must have observed postillions dashing their foaming and perspiring horses into any convenient water at the end of their journey, without the least fear of their animals being injured by the dip."

And this concludes the first pilgrimage. The second, which is considerably more professional, begins with an amusing translation, and, *inter alia* gives a whimsical account of a mud-bath. But we must conclude, merely observing that the volume is closed with some notices of German characteristics, which are entertaining enough; thus, in "Poetry," we are told:—

"A curious, not to say ludicrous, attempt has lately been made by an American author to transplant the poetry of Goethe and Schiller into English by literal translation, the said author maintaining that poetry will be poetry still; and that the more close and servile the traduction, the better will the spirit of the original poetry be preserved! The following rather favourable specimen of this attempt to clothe German ideas in English words, is quite a 'curiosity of literature,' and worth preserving:—

"To a Naturalist.

"What Nature hides within"—
O thou Philistine!
'No finite mind can know.'
My friend, of this thing
We think thou needest not
So oft remind us:
We fancy: Spot for spot
Within we find us.
'Happy who her doth win
The utmost shell to shew!'—
Now that these sixty years I've heard repeated,
And, oft as heard, with silent curses greeted,
I whisper o'er and o'er this truth eternal:—
Freely doth nature all things tell;
Nature hath neither shell
Nor kernel:
Whole every where, at each point thou canst learn all.
Only examine thine own heart,
Whether thou shell or kernel art."

Now if any Transatlantic Philistine can crack the shell of this German nut, and extract an eatable kernel, he must possess a manducator pretty considerably stronger than that with which Samson cracked the skulls of the ancient Philistines in the Holy Land—the jawbone of an ass."

MOORCROFT'S HIMALAYAN PROVINCES.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

IN our first notice (see *Lit. Gaz.* p. 97) we plunged, as the epic critics have it, in *medias res*, as regards this work; and must now, as sportsmen, have to try back for a few memorabilia on the route to Ladakh. That these are very miscellaneous we cannot help; and if we start from natural history to antiquities, and from these to personal adventures or historical information, our readers must ascribe it to the nature of our task. Thus we begin with

Trout and Fishing.—"The Alakananda produces a species of trout which differs from any variety known in Great Britain. The lines employed in catching it are made here of the fibres of a creeping plant called *murwa* (*Sansevieria zeylanica*), and are remarkable for fineness and strength. In fishing, a small yellow flower is attached to the loose end of the line, and several nooses of white horse-hair are fastened round it: a leaden weight is passed through the centre, by which the line is sunk. The trout, attracted by the new object thus presented to them, come swimming about it, and, being entangled in the snares, are drawn to the surface with great dexterity by the Srinagar fishermen."

Mr. Jesse, in his entertaining work, would not tell the tale of a fine trout in the Thames, not to be seduced by any bait or invention, being finally captured by an apple-blossom on a hook instead of a fly, may now be inclined to credit and record that fact. But we proceed to a bee anecdote, nearly "the be-all and the end-all here." Mr. Moorcroft says:—

"Having preceded my party, I placed myself in a cool spot, under the shade of a large pipal tree, on the branches of which I counted ten swarms of bees, of the kind called *Blaoura*. Knowing the irascible temper of this bee, I warned my followers as they came up not to approach the tree. Notwithstanding this injunction, and my own vigilance, as I remained in the shade, the bees were disturbed by a boy belonging to my train, and we soon felt the consequences. A bee fixed itself upon my left eyelid, and I had scarcely pulled it off when I was assailed by several others, who all aimed their attacks at my face. I fled through a thick fence into a neighbouring field, where a peasant, coming to my aid, set fire to some straw, and directed me to sit to leeward of the smoke. The camp soon exhibited a scene of the greatest confusion, and men and beasts were flying in all directions. Some of the fugitives sought shelter in Raipur, but were followed by their unrelenting foes, and the whole town of Raipur was presently in commotion. The scene was irresistibly ludicrous, however much the probability of mischief checked occasionally the disposition to laugh. At length the fury of the bees relaxed, and they retired to their head-quarters, leaving us at peace only at the close of day. We broke up our camp the next morning (5th March) early, for fear of a fresh inroad."

Having escaped so fortunately, our next extract describes a remarkable Hindu temple:—

"Jwala-mukhi is about five kos to the north-west of Nadaun, and is situated upon an elevated nook immediately under the mountains of Changa. It is a place of great sanctity in the estimation of the Hindus, and pilgrims come hither from all parts of India. Its holiness is owing to the inflammable gas which issues from various apertures in a temple dedi-

"The fish commonly called by Europeans the mountain trout in these countries appears to belong to a different genus, if it does not constitute a new one. (*Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, January 1835.)—Ed.

cated to Devi, the wife of Mahadeo, who, as identical with the mysterious fire, is also called Jwala-mukhi, the goddess from whose mouth flame is exhaled. The vents through which the ignited gas, that is always burning in the temple of Devi, issues, are several in a shallow trough excavated on the floor; one in the north-western angle; one in the wall on the northern face; and two others on the outside of the wall: there are also some in a well within a small detached building. Observing the water in this well apparently free from vapour, I applied a lighted wick to it, and the surface was immediately ignited, though but for a short period. The same test shewed the exhalation of gas from several of the apertures which were seemingly quiescent. There was no smoke, and but little smell. The interior of the temple was, indeed, blackened by smoke, but this had been generated by the offerings of Devi's worshippers, who place butter, sugar, and incense near the flame from the apertures as burnt-offerings to the goddess. The attendant brahmins were very civil, and allowed me to make what experiments I pleased. When a flame proceeded from any aperture longer and brighter than usual, an exclamation of *Ai Jwala* arose from the adoring multitude. The temple was about twenty feet square, not in any way remarkable for its architecture, except that the columns were without capitals, and were more massive than any I remember to have seen in Hindustan. The crowd that pressed round me out of curiosity, and the confined space, as well as the heat from the burning hydrogen rendered the air in the interior of the temple so suffocatingly close, that I was compelled to leave it sooner than I had intended. The interior of the temple has been lately painted and embellished at the expense of the Raja of Hindur. The town of Jwala-mukhi is prettily situated, and commands a view of the valley of Belear from Nadaun to the mountains of Haripur-goli on the west, and of the heights of Jaswal and Changa, with the Byas flowing down the former. It is of no great extent, and, notwithstanding its sanctity, is dirty and neglected. The environs of the temple are exceedingly filthy, from dirty water and fragments of offerings scattered about, and the concourse of brahmins, mendicants, and cows, the latter being much in the best condition of the trio. Up the sides of the mountains to the west are many buildings for the accommodation of the pilgrims, who are lodged and fed for a day at the expense of the temple, the cost being defrayed from the rents of lands with which it is endowed for that purpose. Most of them are mere paupers, and beset the shops of the grain dealers and sweetmeat vendors, almost the only description of shops which the place contains, for their daily dole. Since Sansar Chand's revenues have been diminished by the loss of so many of his estates, not only has his patronage of Jwala-mukhi been, in a great degree, withdrawn, but he claims a share of the actual receipts of the establishment. Whatever money is offered to the goddess is the raja's, and the brahmins are held to be entitled only to the donations given to themselves, which they represent to be little enough, and wholly inadequate to the maintenance of several hundred persons. Their appearance was quite in harmony with their assertions. In the evening after my visit, an old brahman brought me a book in which the names of visitors were inscribed, and requested me to insert mine as that of the first European who had visited Jwala-mukhi."

After leaving Lahore we have accounts of

superstitions interesting to every age and country, viz. of witches:—

"On the 15th I marched to Nadaun, where an uncle of Sansar Chand met us. Miri Mal and the Lahore news-writer entertained us with some marvellous tales of the power of the Dains, or witches of the mountains; and, amongst others, one of a zemindar, who, having lost his son and a favourite cow, accused an old woman of the village of having destroyed them by magically 'eating their livers.' The poor woman, after a severe whipping, pleaded guilty, and accused a number of other women in the village of being witches also: her head was cut off; but when it was found that her supposed sisterhood comprised the wives of all the principal farmers, the malik of the village contented himself with fining them 300 rupees. I suspect the malik was no other than Miri Mal, for he said he was bewitched himself for three years afterwards by an ague, which was cured only upon his giving fifty rupees and a suit of clothes to the old woman whom he considered the cause of his malady. These credulous people tell me they will convince me of the real existence of witches both at Shujanpur and Mundi."

After skirting the line of the right bank of the Byas at a distance of about four kos, the road suddenly turned to the south, and crossed the mountain of Gogar: at about two kos we came to the village of Hulhu or Hurlu, where Mia Zalim Singh, the brother of the Rajah of Mundi, had a house. Notwithstanding the rank of its owner, it was not equal to a good mud cottage in England. We took up our abode in it, as it was deserted; for Zalim Singh having quarrelled with his brother, had been obliged to quit Mundi, and was now protected by Sansar Chand. The mountain of Gogar is famous for a fierce conflict which is said to take place in it annually, beginning on the 20th of Bhadon (August—September), between the Deotas, or wizards, and Dains, or witches, who assemble from far and near, even from Bengal and the Dekhin."

The following is a curious anecdote of the fine arts:—

"Sansar Chand is fond of drawing, and has many artists in his employ: he has a large collection of pictures, but the greater part represent the feats of Krishna and Balaram, the adventures of Arjuna, and subjects from the Mahabharat: it also includes portraits of many of the neighbouring rajas and of their predecessors. Amongst these latter were two profiles of Alexander the Great, of which Rai Anirudha gave me one. It represents him with prominent features, and Auburn hair flowing over his shoulders; he wears a helmet on his head begirt with a string of pearls, but the rest of his costume is Asiatic. The raja could not tell me whence the portrait came: he had become possessed of it by inheritance."

Is the name *buza* in the annexed at all connected with our words *boozing* and *boozy*?—

"Having heard that a sort of beer called *buza* was made in this country, I desired some might be brought. It had the appearance of gruel, or water thickened with oatmeal, and a sour and spirituous smell. It is prepared from barley, the grain of which is parched and ground, and the flower is mixed with rice which has been softened by steeping in water. The powder of the root of some bitter and aromatic plant that grows higher up in the mountains is added to the mixture, and the whole is put into a press to squeeze out the water, and dried. When required for use, a

piece of the dry cake is thrown into a vessel of water, and in the course of three or four days fermentation takes place, and the liquor is ready for drinking. It is a favourite beverage with all classes, and intoxicates only if taken to excess."

Among the religious ceremonies at Ladakh the following is remarkable:—

"The religion of Ladakh, like that of Tibet and China, is the worship of Buddha, under a peculiar hierarchy. Every family in which there is more than one son furnishes a Lama or Gelum, who is at once a cenobite and a family priest, attached to a monastic institution under a Lama, or abbot, and ordinarily living amongst the people, and conducting the rites of their daily worship in their own houses, in which a chamber is usually appropriated to an image and an attendant priest. The chief Lamas are appointed from Lassa, and continue to acknowledge the supremacy of the pontiff of that city. They all profess poverty and celibacy, but a man who has been married is admissible into their order. There are also establishments of religious females, called Chumas or Anis. The Lamas, Gelums, and Anis, or priests, monks, and nuns, are divided into two sects—the red, or old, and new, or yellow priesthood, and both possess numerous monastic and conventual establishments. They by no means confine themselves to strictly religious duties, but take an active share in the cultivation of the lands, the rearing of sheep and goats, and the fiscal and political administration of the country. With regard to their religious belief and practice, it seems to be a strange mixture of metaphysics, mysticism, morality, fortune-telling, juggling, and idolatry. The doctrine of the metempsychosis is curiously blended with tenets and precepts very similar to those of Christianity, and with the worship of grotesque divinities. The Lamas recognise a sort of trinity, or a triad consisting of a paramount deity, a prophet, and a book, and the people are exhorted to truth, chastity, resignation, and mutual forbearance, and good-will. A number of images are observed in their temples and chambers, to whom incense, fruit, and meal, are offered, and hymns and prayers are addressed: yet these images are not considered as the representation of the highest order of beings, of Buddha himself, or of his manifestations. In the audience-chamber of the Khalun, we observed the representation of a female divinity, with a green face and red eyes, sitting cross-legged upon a lotus. Portraits and figures of Sakyamuni are also frequent. On a wall in one of the temples I noticed a fresco painting representing the world, and the various conditions of its inhabitants, as well as their trial after death, in which some were ascending to heaven, some were going down to Tartarus, and others were passing through various transmigrations by creeping through a vessel shaped like a dice-box, at one end of which, for instance, was seen the head of a fish, and at the other, the legs of the man who was undergoing the metamorphosis. I was present on more than one occasion at their religious ceremonies, to which they made no hesitation in admitting me. In the temple of Chenresi, I witnessed the consecration of food for the use of the souls of those condemned to hell, where, it seems, they would otherwise starve. The Kashuk Lama presided, and was seated above the other priests. I was placed close to him, and the other assistants were ranged in cushions along the wall. The Lama consecrated barley and water, and poured them from a silver saucer into a brass basin, oc-

casionaly striking two brass cymbals together, reciting or chanting prayers, to which an inferior Lama from time to time uttered responses aloud, accompanied by the rest in an undertone. After the ceremony, tea was served round. Chenresi, the god of the dead, is a male figure of the middle size, in a sitting attitude, having four arms, the two outermost elevated, and the two inner raised and joined as if in prayer. The features were mild, and the expression agreeable; the whole person was coated with gold. The head was encircled by a tiara of thick plates of gold, resembling large leaves, which were studded with turquoises, and his breast was covered by a net-work of the stones, intermixed with small rubies and emeralds of no great value. One of the principal temples at Lé is dedicated to the god Chamba, in the figures of which, although the person is male, the countenance is female, and the whole appears to be an androgynous type of the powers of nature."

The adjacent countries, Chan-than, Rodokh, Gardokh, Yarkand, and Khoten, furnish much curious matter; but we must be content to select one illustration of general geographical value:—

"On the north, Ladakh is bounded by the Pamer or Karakoram mountains, a very rugged and difficult road, through which leads to the province and town of Yarkand, or Yarkiang. This is situated on a river, and is a town of considerable importance, being the great emporium of the commerce between Turkistan, China, and Tibet, and the seat, also, of an active traffic with Russia. The population is said to be between fifty and sixty thousand, almost entirely Mohammedan, Tajiks, Turks, and Uzbeks. About sixty years before our visit to Ladakh, the government of Yarkand was in the hands of the Uzbeks, but the chiefs quarrelling amongst themselves, one party invited the Chinese to their aid, and they seized the opportunity of establishing their power. Yarkand is now in the possession of China, and the political and military authorities of the city are Chinese. They allow the Mohammedans, however, to appoint a head man, or Hakim, from amongst themselves, by whom the civil administration is superintended. Besides the revenue derived from the customs, a poll-tax is levied on all adult males. Yarkand is inclosed by a mud wall, and defended by a citadel, but it is a place of no strength. The Chinese are very jealous of the approach of strangers, and, as will hereafter appear, ultimately prohibited our paying it a visit. Eastward from Yarkand, and separated by lofty mountains on the south, a continuation of the Karakoram chain, is the district of Khoten, which extends about twelve days' journey from east to west, and is not more than two days' journey from north to south. It has the country of Aksu on the north, and China proper on the east."

The second volume treats at large of Dras and Kashmir, and also of the Plain of the Oxus, which the traveller traversed on his route to Bokhara; but as we so lately occupied these grounds with others of our exploring countrymen, we shall now take our leave of these very interesting volumes, which must belong to every book depository where a knowledge of Asia is desired.

MISCELLANEOUS.

My Life. By an Ex-Dissenter. Pp. 466. London, 1841. Fraser.

Two centuries have elapsed since the country was so divided and subdivided into religious sects, and so deluged with polemical contro-

versy. If there be but one right road, what shall we say to the multitude of sidepaths and byways? Alas! it is pity that even Christians cannot agree; and that the doctrines of peace should portend only war; and that unity, brotherhood, good-will, and universal love, should be convertible terms for dissension, enmity, hate, and persecution. It is strange that men are not ashamed of conduct so diametrically opposite to their professions, and of lives which not only make sweet Religion a rhapsody of words, but countervail all her precepts till her paradise is a hell. We have we know not now how many sects in Great Britain, all with Heaven in their mouths and the world in their hearts and actions.—all contending against each other for earthly possessions and mastery,—all intolerant and bigoted,—all selfish, sordid, vicious, and hypocritical. We send missionaries to distant lands to convert the heathen; but what intelligent pagan would be converted if he saw and knew us at home? Not one!

The present volume is on the part of the Church of England, and draws a picture at once bitter, satirical, and humorous, of the condition of the sect of Independents. The grandfather of the writer, a wealthy person, quits the Church because his vanity is gratified by being elected churchwarden; and after some vague inquiries he joins an Independent congregation. Here he is raised to the dignity of senior deacon, and involved in all the turmoils and losses of contests, represented as portion of the voluntary and free constitution of such establishments. The wrangling, squabbling, debating, slandering, and litigating, which embroil the deacon, the minister, the clerk, the pew-opener, and various members of the community, are described with much vivacity; and we gather from the whole the author's opinion that the payment of church-rates, and the union of church and state, are infinitely preferable to the condition of the Dissenters, who would resist the former and separate the latter. The account of the Independent struggles is so amusing that it entertained us as much as a novel.

Society in India. By an Indian Officer.

2 vols. London, 1841. Colburn.

THIS smart and striking description of Indian habits, persons, and society, seems to us to be founded on actual observation; and the circumstances real, though, perhaps, coloured up to exhibition, *alias*, publication, pitch. The force and effort of the writer do not deprive them of the semblance of truth; and we cannot but believe that the whole is, to use the common saying, founded on facts. The daily occupations and amusements of natives and European residents, the doings at tiffins, at messes, in civil courts and in ball-rooms, the usages of the country, the disputes of officers and the opinions of ladies; in fine, the entire mode of life, and the progress of a love affair, whereon to hang the tissue, are vividly sketched, if, occasionally, a little overcharged by an ambitious pen. The volumes are, however, perfectly entitled to their title.

Anti-Popery; by John Rogers: or, Popery Unreasonable, Unscriptural, and Novel. By John Rogers. A New Edition, Altered and Amended. Pp. 325. London, 1841. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Hatchard and Son.

THE author, whose ingenious correspondence on two renowned logical dilemmas, or puzzles of antiquity (the Grecian Dilemma and Pseudomenos), now preserved at the end of this volume, appeared some years ago in the *Lit. Gaz.*, would give him a second claim upon our notice, even were it not due to a new edi-

tion. The subject, as our readers are aware, is considered by us to be out of our bounds; and, therefore, we shall merely state that the volume is now confined to Popery alone, and contains nothing offensive to any Protestant denomination. The text, in other respects, has been considerably altered; and a strong chapter is added on the "Primacy of the Pope." This, and the doctrines of infallibility, transubstantiation, and idolatry, are the points against which the grand arguments of the writer are directed; and we are bound to say that there is nothing common either in his reasoning, style, or method.

Manners and Customs of the Japanese in the Nineteenth Century. From Recent Dutch Visitors of Japan, and the German of Dr. Ph. Fr. Von Siebold. Pp. 423. London, 1841. Murray.

A NICE volume, containing all the information about Japan which has been obtained through the very limited intercourse allowed to the members of the Dutch factory at Desima, and a few other accidental and circumscribed visitors. It is well arranged and put together.

London. Nos. I. and II. Each, pp. 16. London, Knight.

THIS is one of the publications which seem to us to be admirably calculated to meet the more general reading spirit of the age; and what is better, to gratify that taste in a more than ordinary measure. Its subject is as ample and various as author could desire; indeed, there is hardly a limit to its discursive and miscellaneous capabilities. It is embellished by numerous woodcuts, agreeably to the growing demand for such productions; it is moderate in price; it is rich in matter; and, as far as two Numbers enable us to judge, it is judiciously planned and well executed. The antiquities, and the modern appearances of London, afford room for plenty of sterling information and pleasant gossip; in short, we consider this weekly work to be a very palatable hit, and we cordially advise all who desire to enjoy an instructive and amusing recreation, not only to procure, but to preserve it.

Christmas Eve; or, Grandpapa's Ballad Tales, &c. Pp. 166. (London, Hatchards.)—Well, well! for "the dear ones at Homewood."

Tales of the Village, by F. E. Paget, rector of Elford. Second Series, pp. 227. (London, Burns.)—Mr. Paget having, in his first series, endeavoured in a popular view to point out the superiority of the Church of England to the Romanists, has addressed this new volume to the same office, only substituting Protestant dissent for the Romish religion. The task is performed in a manner not unworthy of the design, either as regards talent or Christian feeling. The author is strong on his own grounds, but there is no asperity or bigotry to cast a reproach upon his own sentiments, or wound those who are opposed to his opinions.

The First Book of Botany, by Mrs. Loudon. Pp. 62. (London, Bell.)—If we have not said so before, we ought to lose no time (Spring is opening) in saying that this is an excellent first book; so good, that many will be satisfied with it, and never ask a second.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

THE *Literary Gazette* having taken considerable interest in the systems devised for the removal of impediments in the speech,—being more than any other medical or surgical subject directly and intimately connected with many of the pursuits of literature,—it may be believed that we have paid as much attention as we could to the new methods of cure proposed and practised both in this country and on the Continent. What Mr. Diefenbach has accomplished at Berlin, and Mr. Yearsley in London, by two different operations, we gather from a memoir of the former,* and the news-

paper reports and accounts of eye-witnesses respecting the latter; with the exception, however, of one case, to which we are about to refer, as militating sadly against the efficacy claimed for the excision of the uvula and tonsils of the sufferers.

A boy, John Tarr by name, sixteen years of age, and in the service of Mr. Ricketts, the eminent distiller, was one of Mr. Yearsley's patients, upon whom he performed this sanguinary experiment some fortnight ago in Sackville Street. The uvula and tonsils were completely cut away, and the organisation of the throat destroyed; but, alas! to no purpose. The poor lad was produced to us on Monday last, at the residence of Mr. Hunt, in Regent Street, and a more painful condition of muscular contortion—the utter mangling of every word attempted to be spoken, and distressing symptoms of every kind, it never was our lot to witness. It was impossible to be worse. Mr. Hunt, to whose mode of curing this affliction we have repeatedly directed the public attention, as beyond all comparing the most immediate, easy, certain, and complete, that ever was devised or acted upon, at once expressed his conviction (upon examining the boy) that he could readily and surely remove his malady. A party of gentlemen were invited to attend on the occasion; and it is only because we are stating and pledging ourselves to so extraordinary a fact, that we mention the names of these witnesses: Mr. Holmes, M.P.; Sir J. Strong; Sir James Eyre, M.D.; Dr. Sandwith; Mr. Vincent, of Westminster; the Rev. Mr. Edwards (one of the masters of King's College we believe); Mr. Cartwright (nephew of the celebrated dentist); and Mr. Ricketts, already mentioned, were among the number. In their presence, the dreadful defect in Tarr's utterance being previously exemplified, Mr. Hunt briefly explained his view of the case, and of the causes which induced it. He then, in a few simple sentences, instructed the boy what to do; and in ten minutes he delivered complicated sentences almost as distinctly as any person in the room. We declare that it was more like a miracle than any thing else; and unless seen, hardly to be credited. We have, however, stated nothing but the precise truth, and every one of the parties who were of that company will confirm our testimony to the utmost letter. That boy is restored to the blessing of speech, and without an operation of any kind, simply by practical advice founded on sound principles, and the experience of fourteen years in the treatment of this disorder.

Having alluded to Mr. Yearsley's failure in this instance, we will venture to offer an opinion that no surgical knife can be generally effectual for the cure of an affliction which proceeds from so many different causes. The removal of the uvula and tonsils may allow the expiration from the lungs a wider and freer scope; but the lungs may have nothing whatever to do with the imperfection; and after you are cruelly mutilated, you learn too late that it is of no use to you. So with Mr. Diefenbach, he has tried three ways of operating, and finally adhered to one of them as the most efficacious.

"They have (he tells us) equally for their object total division of the root of the tongue. I. The transverse horizontal division of the root of the tongue. II. The subcutaneous transverse division, in which the mucous cover-

* We should mention, that though candid above all measure in opening his system to the understanding of all, Mr. Hunt necessarily put it as a point of honour that it should not be further divulged.—*Ed. L. G.*

ing of the tongue is left inviolate. III. The horizontal division, with excision of a wedge-shaped portion."

The last has become his favourite practice; and the plates and description of it are enough to sicken our hearts. We cannot help quoting the latter:—

"The boy sat with his head leaned against the breast of an assistant; the tongue being protruded as far as possible, was grasped on its anterior half with the forceps of Mûzeux, being thus compressed laterally, and drawn forwards by one assistant. The gentleman against whose breast the boy's head rested retracted the angles of the mouth with a pair of blunt hooks. Grasping now the tongue as near to its root as possible, between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, I passed the bistoury through it, and divided it completely from below upwards; a strong ligature passed through the posterior edge of the wound, served to fix it temporarily, and prevent too great a strain upon the slender band which alone connected the mass of the tongue to it; the anterior lip of the incision was now grasped, and laterally compressed between the modified hare-lip forceps, and a wedge-shaped slice excised out of the whole thickness of the tongue. It will be found more convenient to make this second incision from above downward, and with a small straight knife. The posterior edge of the wound was now, by means of the before-mentioned ligature, and a sharp double hook, drawn so far forwards that the needles with the ligatures could be conveniently passed through it; six strong sutures served to bring the edges of the wound together, and to restrain the hemorrhage. To effect the latter object, they must include the whole depth of the wound within their loop. That the hemorrhage was considerable, may be imagined from the nature of the operation, which should not be attempted by all persons indiscriminately. As soon as the boy's mouth was washed out, I desired him to pronounce some of those words which he had before found especially difficult; he did so without stuttering or hesitation. The distortion of the face, however, continued, the patient was put to bed, and a cooling plan of treatment ordered. With the exception of a slight sympathetic febrile disturbance, the swelling of the tongue, that one might anticipate, and the consequent impeded deglutition, nothing remains to be noticed, so far as regards his recovery from the operation itself. His features, and his mouth especially, were still much distorted when he spoke, but the stutler had entirely ceased. On the fifth day I removed three of the sutures; during the next twenty-four hours the swelling of the tongue had visibly decreased, and I then removed the three remaining sutures. On the seventh day the wound was completely healed, the back part of the tongue alone was very inconsiderably swelled, and the boy quite re-established. At this present time, not the slightest trace of stuttering remains, not the slightest vibration of the muscles of the face, not the most inconsiderable play of the lips. His speech is throughout clear, well-toned, even, and flowing."

The horrible operation of having a wedge of the size of an inch cut out of the root of your tongue is indeed a last resort, and though it may succeed in some cases it cannot be, and is not claimed to be, an universal cure. Whereas in the purely scientific system of Mr. Hunt, there is neither pain nor suffering inflicted; the worst that can happen is that the disease may be irremediable, but from what

* Translated by Joseph Travers, and published by S. Highley.

we and others, of far superior judgments to ours, have seen that gentleman perform, we think it may be safely and truly affirmed that very few cases of stuttering would resist the application of his wonderfully simple lessons.

We have only, in conclusion, to express our hope that our readers, and especially any who may labour under an affliction similar to John Tarr, will believe that we speak in this matter without partiality or favour, that we consider we are promoting a benevolent end, and that if we appear enthusiastic it is because we have seen these extraordinary cures effected in the prompt and easy manner we have described.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

FEBRUARY 3. The Rev. Professor Buckland, President, in the chair.—A paper by Mr. Hopkins, 'On the Geological Structure of the Wealden District and the Bas Boulonnais,' was read. In this memoir Mr. Hopkins first describes the phenomena of elevation presented in the English and French districts; and secondly, he compares the laws of the existing phenomena with the results given by the theory of elevation put forth by him in a previous memoir, published in the "Cambridge Transactions." With respect to the first division of his subject, Mr. Hopkins shews that the wealden district and the Bas Boulonnais compose parts of a regular oval, but curved, or inclined, towards the south-east in its eastern portion. The lines of elevation in the weald are partly marked by an anticlinal arrangement of the beds, and partly by strong flexures forming one side of a saddle. Of these lines nine are described. The first, or Hastings line, extends from a point to the north-east of Hastings towards Battle. The second, a strongly marked anticlinal, ranges along the high ridge of Brightling Down to Heathfield Park. The third, or Wadhurst line, passed eastward from Wadhurst to Hawkhurst, to the south-west of which it is lost, but it may be followed westerly along the ridge between Wadhurst and Mark Cross. The fourth line is the great central ridge of the district, and is named, by the author, the Crowborough, from the beacon which stands upon it: the line is continued westerly to the north of Balcombe, but it is not traceable beyond Horsham; the fifth, or Cuckfield line, which ranges parallel with the Crowborough, is not visible far to the north of Cuckfield, but to the east of that town it is continued across the Brighton Railway. The sixth, or Frant line, is distinctly marked at Lamberhurst, whence it proceeds westward along the Frant Hill, but it is apparently lost not far to the west of Frant. The seventh, or Brencley and Bidborough line, is marked by a strong flexure of the beds in Brencley Hill and Bidborough Hill, south of Tunbridge, and its continued westwards, though less distinctly, across the Medway. All these lines preserve a remarkable parallelism with each other, and with the curved central axis of the district. The eighth, or Greenhurst line, first described by Mr. Martin (see *Lit. Gaz.* Jan. 16), Mr. Hopkins says is distinctly marked from a point south-west of Pulborough, whence it ranges parallel to the chalk escarpment, till it enters the chalk at Piecomb; farther eastward it is strongly exhibited at Lewes, but its strike westward from Pulborough, he states, is not very distinct. The ninth line is traceable from Farnham to Seven Oaks, parallel to the chalk escarpment of the North Downs. It is not throughout a true anticlinal, presenting, for the greater part, only one range of dip. Towards the west it passes immediately at the

foot of the Hog's Back; and the hill on which stands Margaret's Chapel, near Guildford. To the east it strikes south of Dorking and Reigate to the summit of Tilburstow Hill; and by Linkfield to the east of Seven Oaks, as formerly described by Dr. Fitton. Between the two last places it is sometimes a distinct anticlinal line. Mr. Hopkins also describes several transverse valleys in the central portion of the wealden district; and he states the evidence on which he believes them to have originated in transverse dislocations. He notices, also, those near the south-west boundary of the district, which are nearly perpendicular to the Greenhurst line; likewise those in the greensand ridge along the northern flank of the wealden in the Seven Oaks district. He further describes what he conceives to be incipient valleys of elevation due to transverse fractures; noticing more especially those in Leith Hill, and the ridge near Seven Oaks. Mr. Hopkins likewise draws particular attention to the transverse river-courses through the chalk escarpment; and he states that their analogy to the transverse valleys in the greensand ridges leaves no doubt of their being referable to the same physical cause, though the chalk itself, from its great uniformity of structure, affords but little evidence of dislocation. With respect to the phenomena of the Bas Boulonnais, the author has recognised three parallel lines of dislocation, commencing at the coast, and ranging in a direction which coincides with that of the lines of elevation of the weald, supposing the latter produced across the Channel. The southernmost line passes immediately to the north of Boulogne. The author commences the second part of his paper by recapitulating some fundamental points of his theory. It is assumed, that an elevatory force has acted simultaneously at every point of the lower surface of the elevated mass in each district, throughout which the phenomena of elevation follow the same law. This force is not supposed to have been necessarily of uniform intensity throughout. If it has been greater in one portion of the district than in the rest, there will be a corresponding modification in the direction of the laws of elevation; or a deviation from those positions in which they would have existed had the intensity of the force been uniform throughout. If the force has been uniform, the direction of the lines of dislocations and elevations will depend on the form of the boundary of the surface of the elevated area. If this be given, then dislocations must be investigated on mechanical principles; and if the former be supposed to have acted with greater intensity in any assigned portion of the district, the corresponding modification in the direction of the lines must be determined. This Mr. Hopkins has done in some particular cases in his memoir in the "Cambridge Transactions." Any irregularity in the cohesive power of the elevated mass will have but little effect in the general directions of the lines of elevation; but if in any considerable continuous portion of the district the elevated crust is thinner, and therefore lighter and weaker, the effect will manifestly be the same as if the crust had been of uniform thickness throughout, and had been acted on in this particular portion with a force of greater intensity. In the application of this theory, the boundary of the area, under which the elevatory force acted simultaneously, must be determined as nearly as possible by the actual boundary of the disturbed district, throughout which a character of continuity in the phenomena of elevation is recognised. That portion

of the district also in which the force apparently acted with greater intensity must be determined by the existing indications of greater elevation. Thus it is conceived that a simultaneous effort of the elevating force was made throughout the whole tract, from the Bas Boulonnais in the east, beyond the Wiltshire chalk in the west, and from the vale of Pusey and the valley of the Thames on the north, beyond the southern coast of the country on the south. The wealden district, with the Bas Boulonnais, presents also a case in which it is presumed, from its greater elevation, either that the disturbing force acted there with greater intensity, or that the elevated crust was thinner than in the other parts, generally, of the district. Assuming such to have been the case, Mr. Hopkins points out what would be the general direction of the lines of elevation throughout the wealden and the Bas Boulonnais, and comparing them with the lines described in the first part of the paper, he shews the remarkable accordance which exists between the result of observation and of theory,—an accordance which he considers as strongly confirmatory of his theory as applied to this district. Hence the author concludes, that all fissures and dislocations, or lines of elevation, must have been produced by one simultaneous and momentary effort of the elevating force. It is not, however, he says, to be regarded as a necessary consequence of this conclusion, that the whole elevation of the district was thus produced at once; it might be in some degree produced by previous, and in a considerable degree by subsequent movements, but it would seem, at least, highly probable that that general movement which produced the dislocations of elevated mass, and impressed upon it its present distinctive characters, should have been the most energetic of those repeated movements to which the whole elevation was probably due.

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

THE first evening meeting of the members was held in the library of this Institution on Monday last, Captain Ramsay, R.N. in the chair.—Many presents were exhibited: amongst them a bottle of wine from the Royal George, and a muzzle lashing from the Edgar, sunk in 1711, presented by F. W. M. Sadder, R.N.; two Kabyle swords, presented by Captain Michael Quin (the Kabyle Arabs inhabit the mountains in the rear of Algiers, and have always been independent of the regency of the deys); three Chartist pikes used at the attack on Newport, presented by Captain Howells, Glamorganshire Militia; a complete collection of arms and implements of the Nagas, a tribe inhabiting the hills near Munipoor India, presented by Major J. G. Burns.* The Chairman stated to the meeting that the remainder of the presents received during the autumn would be brought forward at the successive evening meetings: one article, however, had been received this morning, of so very interesting a nature, that it should not be kept back one day from the knowledge of the members. He then exhibited the military sash which was used in carrying Sir John Moore from the field of battle, at Corunna, into the town, and afterwards in lowering him down into his grave in the ramparts, where he was interred by his personal staff. The interest attaching itself to this relic is enhanced by its being presented to the Museum by its gallant owner, General Paul Anderson, aide-de-camp to Sir John, and

* Son of Robert Burns, and recently, we rejoice to see, appointed by Lord Normanby a Sub-Inspector of Factories.—*Ed. L. G.*

which he took from his own waist to assist in carrying his dying commander. A note was read from General Anderson, in which he stated that Sir John Moore had made him promise that wherever he fell, there he should be buried.— "Left alone with his glory."

The following papers were read:—1. 'An Account of the Nagas,' by Major J. G. Burns; 2. 'On the Colouring Matter of Red Snow,' by Lieutenant-Colonel P. J. Yorke, of the Grenadier Guards. On the return of the first Arctic Expedition, in 1819, much interest was excited by the accounts that large tracts on the shores of Baffin's Bay had been observed to be covered with snow of a red colour. Specimens of the snow-water containing the colouring matter were brought home, and a variety of opinions were offered as to its nature; some assigning it to the animal, some to the vegetable kingdom. These doubts were set at rest for the time by Mr. Francis Bauer, who considered it a fungus of the genus *Uredo*. He succeeded in making the substance grow freely in snow below 32°. A similar substance has been observed in the snow of the Alps. The opinion that the substance was a minute cryptogamic vegetable was generally acquiesced in by naturalists till lately, the only difference being its removal to the order of *Alga*, rather than of *Fungi*, which are not water-plants, but which two large groups seem to have no other distinction save that of their habitats. Mr. Shuttleworth, about a year ago, observed some coloured snow near the Hospice de Grindel, and on examining it in microscope he found that the colouring matter was an organic substance, of a bright red colour, and endowed with swift movement. Mr. S. thinks they belong to Ehrenberg's genus, *Astasia*; he observed other kinds of *Infusoria*, all of a red colour. In alluding to his own observations, Colonel Yorke remarked that, in 1836, he had arranged a register-thermometer to form a wet bulb hygrometer, by covering its bulb with muslin, and connecting this with a bottle of distilled water by a piece of lamp-cotton. He observed, after some months, that the sides of the bottle were covered by a red matter with patches of green. When this red matter was submitted to the microscope, it appeared to be made up of scarlet globular bodies connected occasionally by filaments, either colourless or greenish, and of a cellular structure. Their specimens were submitted to Mr. Bauer, who was satisfied that they were identical with those brought from the arctic regions, although the colour is much more durable. Colonel Yorke exhibited to the meeting various specimens, both of his own collecting and some brought from the polar regions.—The thanks of the meeting were voted to Colonel Yorke for his very interesting paper.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

MARCH 22. Mr. Edward Blore, V.P. in the chair.—The Secretary read a letter from Professor Willis, accompanying a copy of a curious drawing, discovered by that gentleman in a MS. note-book of William of Worcester. It represents the mouldings of the north door of St. Stephen's Church, Bristol; it has their various names written against them, and is valuable as tending to elucidate the nomenclature of the Gothic architects. Mr. Willis considered it to be the only detailed drawing in England of an early date.—Mr. Bachhoffner read a paper 'On the Electrotrope,' with especial relation to its probable application in

architectural decoration. The lecturer spoke of a new mode of working wooden mouldings and ornaments, simply by the use of iron stamps made red-hot.—Mr. George Godwin then continued his observations on the late fires in Manchester, caused by the use of hot-water apparatus for heating buildings; and laid before the meeting the result of an investigation of the subject recently published by Mr. John Davis, chemist, and Mr. Ryder, Surveyor to the Insurance Company, both of Manchester. From the experiments made by these gentlemen, it appears clear that the close boiler system requires care in its application. Mr. Godwin enforced the necessity of the introduction of proper dampers, acted on by the expansion of the metal pipes themselves; which expansion would of course be in proportion to the degree of heat attained. Mr. C. J. Richardson differed from the report; and a long discussion ensued, wherein Mr. E. Blore, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Poynter, and others, took part; all bearing witness to the extreme importance of the subject.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, 19th March.—Mr. Cooper, 'On Elkington's Method of Plating and Gilding,' explained the modes by which the old processes are still conducted, and then illustrated the more recent, and particularly the one called the Elkington process. We need not enter minutely into the details, clearly and ably treated by Mr. Cooper (although, perhaps, with a little too much of the spirit of an advocate), because chemical affinity, electro-metallurgy, or other terms used to express, as in the present cases, metallic recombination by direct attraction of cohesion, or through the means of voltaic agency, have been well and fully discussed by Mr. Smee and others. The Elkington method, in reference to electro-metallurgy, appears to be a distinction without a difference; that is to say, in a scientific point of view; legally, however, we believe that if the solution of silver or gold (patented, we presume, as applicable to certain practical purposes by certain parties) were employed extensively by other than they, the distinction and difference would soon be made manifest by injunction or otherwise. The value of the method consists in the constituents of the metallic solution being, it is said, and, as far as present experience goes, the most suitable, and in the best possible condition for the end required, whether it be precipitation by chemical affinity, or by voltaic agency. The Elkington solution is obtained by the action of the cyanide of potassium on the chlorides, sulphurets, carburets, or almost any compound of silver or gold, all of which are readily soluble in the cyanide, and then applicable to all purposes of plating or gilding. The specimens exhibited were really beautiful.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 19. Mr. Reynolds in the chair.—Exhibited by Mr. W. Harbert, a specimen of *Saponaria vaccaria*, discovered in September last, in a fine loamy soil at Winterbourne, near Newbury, Berks; by Mr. T. Sansom, living specimens of *Crocus remus*, found at Hornsey.—Presented, by Mr. H. O. Stephens, some rare fungi.—Read, the continuation (being the third part) of a paper by Mr. Wallis, 'On the Flora of Essex.' The last part on the same subject terminated with the order *Poligalae*; the present pursues the inquiry regularly with the orders as arranged by De Candolle, commencing with the *Caryophyllæ* and ending with the *Rhamneæ*, and contains the habitat,

and, in several cases, the characteristics, of upwards of fifty species.

PARIS LETTER.

March 23, 1841.

Academy of Sciences. *Sitting of March 16.*—This day's sitting was almost entirely occupied by the reading of a report 'On the Geographical and Scientific Survey of the Territories of Venezuela,' by Colonel Codazzi, mentioned by us some time ago. M. Boussingault, the reporter of the commission appointed to examine this important work, spoke of it in terms of the highest praise. The survey had been undertaken by order of the Venezuelan government, and had been completed by the colonel in the space of ten years. During this period he had traversed every part of it, and had determined the longitude of 1002 principal points by chronometrical calculations, together with the elevation of 1053 others by barometrical observations. His political map indicated the abodes of the Indian tribes extant, as well as those which had disappeared; and his agricultural map pointed out the different soils and produce of the district. The hydrographical survey had determined the courses of upwards of 1000 rivers. In the Sierra Nevada de Merida he had observed the limit of perpetual snow to be at 4540 metres above the sea; and the mean temperature of the equatorial coasts he had fixed at 27°·5 centigrade. The observations on the Llanos and the Mesas are full of interest; the latter being small plateaux of sandstone, about 100 or 200 metres above the flat surface of the Llanos, and giving rise to springs produced by the filtering of water down from their upper surfaces, so that the Mesas of Guanipa alone produced forty rivulets. This was one of the main causes of the Llanos preserving some degree of fertility. The Llanos are generally of a hard impermeable stone, so that the water does not lose itself in them, but runs in small streams on the surface. Colonel Codazzi had specially studied the basin of the Orinoco, and had given fresh proofs of that river communicating with the Amazon. The botanical observations in the Colonel's works are of great importance, especially on the *Coccoloba Mauritia*, a tree that supplies all that is wanted to sustain life in those hot countries, and to clothe the inhabitants, to roof their habitations, to make sails, &c. The total population of Venezuela, in 1839, was 945,348; which being compared with the numbers of 1825, shewed that it might be expected to double itself in thirty-six years. This magnificent work of the Colonel's is to be published at the expense of his government; and, *en attendant*, the Academy voted him their thanks.

The following story is going the round of the papers:—When the water came for the first time out of the bore in the Artesian well of Grenelle, the engineer announced the fact to his friend and constant patron, M. Arago, who had stood by him against all attacks during the lengthy operations of so many years, in the following brief but pithy form, "*L'eau a jailli. Mulet.*" M. Arago wrote at the bottom of this note, which he sent back as his only answer, "*Bravo!*"

Moehler's "*Athanasius: his Doctrines and Times.*" &c., has just been translated into French by M. Cohen, one of the librarians of the Bibliothèque Ste. Geneviève.

The best historical picture in the Salon this year, is by a Belgian artist, Gallait. It represents the abdication of Charles V.,—a magnificent subject, and treated by him in a most masterly manner. The colouring is

sober, and yet rich; and the light and shade are most ably distributed. If there be any fault in it, we should say that there is a certain air of stiffness, perhaps intended by the artist as characteristic of so solemn a scene; but notwithstanding this, the drawing and composition are very able. The aged monarch has his hand on Philip's head; the empress sits by his side, more like a corpse just enshrined than a living woman; the Prince of Orange is at his left hand, and bears part of his weight; behind is a monk almost whispering in the emperor's ear; a group of court ladies to the left, and all the great dignitaries of the empire, cardinals, bishops, barons, and knights, to the left and in front. It is for the National Collection at Brussels, and the Belgian government has paid the artist 70,000 francs for it. There is nothing very remarkable in the historical line besides: Eugène Delacroix having such a regular mad picture in his "Taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders," which produces the exact effect of an old Turkey carpet, or a faded bit of gobelin tapestry. The riches of the collection lie this time in the cabinet pictures. Out of the total number of exhibitors thirty-two are foreigners (not Frenchmen), and sixty-four are from the departments.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, March 18.—The following degrees were conferred:—
Doctor in Civil Law.—N. H. Macdonald, Fellow of All Souls' College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Lambert, Exeter College; Rev. G. B. Daubeny, Balliol College; J. Brencley, University College; Rev. W. M. Herchmer, Queen's College.
Bachelors of Arts.—E. Roberts, St. Mary Hall; J. C. M. Stevens, G. E. Murray, Christ Church; J. Fyler, Balliol College; S. H. Unwin, Worcester College; H. E. Pettman, Trinity College.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MARCH 20th. Professor H. H. Wilson in the chair.—The Honorary Secretary read a memoir of the late Dr. Lord, whose early death in the late Afghan struggle has been equally lamented by his friends, and regretted by the service to which he belonged, and where his talents were so beneficially exerted. The writer of the memoir, Dr. Taylor, a member of the Society, who was an early and intimate friend of Dr. Lord, states that that gentleman, during his journeys in Central Asia, had made a regular series of valuable observations, which it was his intention to send to the Royal Asiatic Society for publication at the close of the war; and it is hoped that they may yet be recovered. Percival Barton Lord was born at Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork, in the year 1807. After an education at the Dublin University, he chose the medical profession, which he studied in Dublin, Edinburgh, and London, successively. While in London he became connected with the press; wrote several articles on medical subjects, which have been republished in America and on the Continent; and brought out his "Elements of Physiology," which have been received as a text-book in the library of the medical student. In the latter part of the year 1836, Dr. Lord sailed for India as assistant-surgeon in the service of the East India Company, and arrived at Bombay in June 1837. He was soon after appointed to the native cavalry in Guzerat; and, when there, was selected to proceed to a district beyond the British frontier, where the plague was raging, in order to report on the disease. He had actually departed on his mission, when he was recalled in order to go to Cabul as surgeon to the embassy, which was about to set out under Sir

Alexander Burnes. At Cabul, he won the friendship of Dost Mahomed Khan, and other Afghan chiefs; and his fame reached the ears of the too well-known Murad Beg, the dreaded Emir of Kundaz, who sent a mission to request his attendance on his brother, then threatened with blindness. Such an opportunity of gaining information respecting the political condition of the Uzbeks was not neglected; and Dr. Lord, about the end of November 1837, penetrated into Tartary through the mountains of Hindu Kush. He found the case of Murad Beg's brother hopeless, and soon after prepared to return; but not before he had found time to make a number of valuable observations, which he embodied in a report to the government. The report met with the highest approbation; and the writer was, in consequence, named political assistant to an envoy sent to the King of Cabul; and was intrusted to raise all the well-affected subjects of Shah Shujah, near Peshawar. He was there, as he says in a letter to his mother, "busied in casting cannon; forging muskets; raising troops, horse and foot; talking, persuading, threatening, bullying, and bribing." In the three days' fighting at the Khaiber Pass, Dr. Lord acted as aide-de-camp to Colonel Wade; and received the public thanks of the governor-general for his conduct on the occasion. Soon after this, Dr. Lord was sent to Bamian to superintend the negotiations with the states of Turkestan: his energy and prudence were crowned with success; and the result of the mission was, that he got in the whole family of the ex-chief of Cabul, and conciliated all the Uzbek states as far as the Oxus. The personal acquaintance of Dr. Lord with Dost Mahomed Khan led to his accompanying the military division which was sent to intercept that chief, as it was probable that his surrender might be facilitated through his agency; but it was, unhappily, the circumstance which led to his own death, which, with that of nearly all the officers of the troop, ensued upon the disgraceful flight of our cavalry when in the moment of success. The subject has been already too often before the public to need repetition. Dr. Lord was spurring across the field to join a party which seemed to evince a better spirit, when he fell, pierced by more than a dozen balls. His death was instantaneous. The memoir concluded by an extract of a letter from Sir Alexander Burnes, declaring the regret of the Indian government at the loss of so zealous and able a servant, and expressing his own sorrow at the deprivation of so dear a friend.—Small samples of sugar and rum, the produce of Ceylon, forwarded by Mr. J. Capper of that island, were exhibited to the members. The rum was the first produced in Ceylon; and the sugar was of a superior quality to any previously made there.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Tuesday.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; United Service Institution, 3 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.; Physical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

BEING unable to attend at the private view on Saturday, we took an early day in the week to visit the Gallery in Suffolk Street, where we met with the usual want of courtesy and civility

which, by some misfortune, seems to attach to this Association. Our card of admission was abruptly questioned by a sickly man on the stairs, and a pert jackanapes of a boy, dressed like a tiger, at the top. We were, however, let in, and left to find out what we might without the offer of a catalogue to guide our inspection. This is not the way other and better regulated exhibitions behave towards the press. They seem to consider that if Journals give their time to examine, and their columns to make known, the nature of their public attractions, it is but a due compliment to welcome their presence and facilitate their inquiries. Besides the Royal Academy, this Gallery is the only exception we ever met with to the general rule.

We add, with regret, that in both the *coup d'œil* and details the show of this year is of a very inferior character. There are a multitude of pictures, which Mr. Collis, of Birmingham, would no more look at for tables and tea-trays, &c., than he would take the sign-board of a little roadside inn; but, indeed, his wares are beautiful *chef d'œuvres* in the japan art, with all the charms of English design. Some Italian boys struck us as the most pleasing pictures in these rooms; but they were overpowered by the neighbourhood of such yellow, red, and green monstrosities, that we could hardly rest our eyes upon them. Of a number of portraits, there seemed to be a few tolerably good; but, altogether, truth obliges us to confess that the whole collection resembled a manufactory of pictures, and not a gallery of the fine arts. We ought to mention some subjects of a humorous and familiar kind, which were amusingly treated.

RUBENS PICTURE.

A VERY fine Rubens has been exhibited during the week in Pall Mall. It is an allegory, and represents the evils of war; Mars marching fiercely on with his sword crimsoned with blood, and unrestrained by Venus hanging on his arm, and in vain endeavouring to win him back from the slaughter to which he is incited by a flying Fury. Under his feet he tramples literature, science, and the arts, as well as the natural affections of life, all personated by appropriate figures. Behind Venus is Cybele in tears; and thus, with Cupid, the composition is well balanced, having the principal group and action in the centre. This is a grand work, full of imagination, and painted with singular brilliancy and purity in the flesh colour of the Venus. Nothing can surpass the tone of this portion of the canvass, it is almost light itself. The composition is almost the same as that in the Gallery at Florence; and from some parts being hardly finished, indeed unfinished, and alterations observable in various instances, it may fairly be supposed that this was the first and original design. We consider it to be a splendid example of the master, and wonder that it should have been out of sight so long. It was stated to have been rolled up during forty years in one place; and it is fortunate that it has been so carefully preserved, for it is evident there has been no tampering with it in any way since it left the easel of its great creator.

We have revisited the Murillos and Cæsars. The sentiment of the former loses none of its attractions; and the latter grow upon our admiration the more we look upon them. Every one of them is a study worthy of severe attention, that their various qualities of art may be justly appreciated.

KINEORAMA.

Among the sights of the day we have to rank the Kineorama, a moving succession of dioramic views, in which, from Constantinople to Cairo, we are presented with scenery, costumes, and remarkable places in Turkey, Syria, and Egypt. There is a mixture of the De Louthembourg contrivances to give effects to bombardments, explosions, and other accidents by flood and field; and the whole seems well contrived to impress a knowledge of the realities upon the minds of the spectators. One thing the exhibitors ought to attend to is to have specific hours for going through with their operations, we waited half an hour for a beginning, and came off having only witnessed the former ending.

SKETCHES.

AUTOGRAF OF NAPOLEON.

In 1787, Tissot, one of the greatest physicians of the period, received a letter from an officer of artillery in the garrison of Douai, then on leave at Ajaccio, to consult him on the state of an uncle's health, an old Corsican archdeacon attacked by the gout. This letter has recently appeared *literatim* as a historical curiosity, in a "Life of Tissot," published at Lausanne by M. Charles Eynard; and if bad spelling and future fame can impart that character, it certainly belongs in a pre-eminent degree to this epistle of Napoleon Buonaparte. We insert it as received: it is addressed as follows, and sealed with the family arms of Buonaparte, surmounted by a count's coronet:—

"A monsieur monsieur Tissot, docteur en médecine, de la société royale de Londres, de l'académie médico phisique de Basle, et de la société oconomique de Berne à Lausanne en Suisse,
"A Lausanne."

And on the corner:—"Isle de Corse."

"Ajaccio en Corse, 1^{er} avril 1787.

"Monsieur,—Vous avez passé vos jours à instruire l'humanité et votre réputation a percé jusque dans les montagnes de Corse où l'on se sert peut de médecin, il est vrai que l'éloge court mais glorieux que vous avez fait des leurs aimé général, est un titre bien soufisant pour les pénétrer d'une reconnaissance, que je suis charmé par la circonstance dans le cas de vous témoigner au non de tous nos compatriotes. Sans avoir l'honneur d'être connus de de vous, n'ayant d'autre titre, que l'estime que j'ai conçu pour vos ouyrages, j'ose vous importuner et demander vos conseils, pour un de mes oncles qui a la goutte. Ce sera un mauvais préambule pour ma consultation, lorsque vous saurez que le malade en question à (70 ans) soixante et dix ans mais, Messieurs, considérez que l'on vis jusqu'à cent ans et plus et mon oncle par sa constitution doit être du petit nombre de ces privilégiés, d'une taille moyenne, n'ayant fait aucune débauche, ni de femme, ni de table, ni trop sédentaire, ni trop peu, n'ayant été agité d'aucune de ces passions violentes qui dérangent l'économie animal, n'ayant presque point eu de maladie dans tous le cours de sa vie je ne dirai pas comme Fontenelle qu'il avait les deux grandes qualités pour vivre, bon corps et mauvais cœur, cependant je crois qu'ayant eu du penchant à l'égoïsme, il s'est trouvé dans une situation heureuse, qui ne l'a pas mis dans le cas d'en développer toute la force. Un vieux gouteux génois lui prédit dans le temp qu'il étoit encore jeune, qu'il seroit affligé de cette incommodité, prédiction qu'il foudroia sur ce que mon oncle a des mains et des pieds extrêmement petits et la tête grosse. Je crois que vous jugerez que cette prédiction accomplie n'est qu'un effet du hazard. Sa goutte, en effet, lui prit à

l'âge de 32 ans les pieds et les genoux en furent toujours le théâtre, il s'est écoulé quelquefois jusqu'à 14 ans sans qu'elle revins; un ou deux mois étaient la durée des accès il y a dix ans entre autres qu'elle lui revint et l'accès dura 9 mois il y aura deux ans au mois de juin que la goutte l'ataqua aux pieds; depuis ce temps là il garde toujours le lit des pieds la goutte se communique aux genoux, les genoux enflèrent considérablement depuis cette époque tout usage du genoux lui a été interdi. Des douleurs cruelles s'en suivirent dans les genoux et les pieds, la tête s'en ressentit, et dans des crises continuelles il passa les 2 premiers mois de son séjour aux lit, peut à peut sans aucun remède les genoux se désenflèrent les pieds se guairirent et le malade n'eut plus d'autre infirmité que une infirmité de genoux occasionnée par la fixation de la goutte au jarret, c'est-à-dire aux nerfs et aux artères qui servent au mouvement. S'il essaye de remuer le genoux des douleurs égus lui font cesser son action. Il dort sans aucune espèce de mouvement, son lit ne s'est jamais refait, simplement l'on décore les madelas, et l'on remue la laine et les plumes. Il mange bien, digère bien, parle, lit, dort, et ses jours se coulent mais sans mouvement, mais sans pouvoir jouir des douceurs du soleil, il implore le secours de votre science, sinon pour le guairir, du moins pour fixer dans une autre partie ce mal gênant. L'humanité, Monsieur, me fait espérer que vous daignerez répondre à une consultation si mal digérée moi-même depuis un mois je suis tourmenté d'une fièvre tierce, ce qui fait que je doute que vous puissiez lire ce griffonnage. J'ai fini, monsieur, en vous exprimant la parfaite estime que m'a inspiré la lecture de vos ouvrages et la sincère reconnaissance que j'espère vous devoir. Monsieur, je suis avec le plus profond respect votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur. BUONAPARTE,

"officier d'artillerie au régiment de La Fère.
"Ajaccio en Corse le 1^{er} avril 87."

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Saturday, the appearance of Persiani in the opera of *Tancredi* gave us, we trust, a foretaste of a better sort of entertainment than that with which the season commenced. She is as delightful as ever; but the rest of the performances were very poor.

Covent Garden.—On Monday, a new drama, in three acts, entitled *The Embassy*, was produced here after *London Assurance*, which, by the way, continues to fill the house nightly. The novelty depends more on spectacle, decoration, and splendid dresses, than on plot or dialogue: it is, indeed, a composition of fine scenery by the Grieves, fine appointments and costumes by the managers of these matters, and fine dancing and grouping by the masters of these ceremonies. The principal actors and actresses of the company, Miss E. Tree, Vestris, Moore, Anderson, &c., appeared in parts of little importance, and gave us nothing to criticise in their performance. In fact, *The Embassy* is a piece worthy to be seen independently of its libretto; and would, we think, have done well for the Easter show.

Drury Lane.—*Massaniello* has been attempted here, but, except the choruses, with indifferent success, the principal singers being out of their elements and the cast altogether injudicious. There appears to be a total want of judgment, both in the choice of the opera and the manner in which it was performed.

The Adelphi with the old gentleman's own luck is full every night, and deserves it for its enterprising exertions, good acting, and splendid

scenery. We observe that its grace and ornament, Mrs. Yates, is announced for *Victorine*, for her own benefit, on Thursday, and the penultimate night of her appearance this season.

English Opera House.—On Thursday a piece from the French, called *The Matrimonial Ladder*, was produced here, and well supported by Miss Gould, Miss E. Howard, Wilson, Duruset, and Barker. Another version was performed some time ago at the Olympic. We would rather have English compositions, for, after all, it is only going half way for our native school to have English singers.

Opera Concert Room.—The Societa Armonica gave the first of their series of musical entertainments for the season on Monday. It was one of promise rather than of performance of their usual excellence. The selections were from Spohr, Weber, Beethoven, Rossini, Donizetti, &c. &c.; and the orchestra was full, able, and individually admirable. As proof of this latter assertion, we need but name Forbes, Tolbecque, Lindley, Baumann, Platt, &c. Yet union and power, not force, but effect, were wanting; or Spohr's symphony, the "Powers of Sound," would have been more deeply felt, and more fully appreciated; or we should not have seen Persiani look imploringly, or heard her at length entreat the accompaniment to be lower. The vocalists were Persiani and Signor and Madame F. Lablache; compass and sweetness, depth and richness of tone, characterised their several efforts. Barrat's oboe fantasia was a masterly performance. Rossini's trio, "Ti parli l'Amore," sung by Signor and Madame F. Lablache and Madame Persiani, and Mozart's well-known "Batti batti," were the two *encores* of the evening.

Hanover Square Rooms.—The third quartet concert was held here on Thursday, and was, if possible, superior to the two previous performances. The sterling instrumental music of Mozart, Mendelssohn, Corelli, and Mayseider, was agreeably relieved by vocal melody of a lighter character. Corelli's trio in E flat, major, No. 11, Op. 2, (two violoncellos and double bass), and the two last movements of Mayseider's quartet in D major (Op. 9), were charmingly executed; the former by Messrs. Lindley, Lucas, and Howell, the latter by Messrs. Blagrove, Dando, Gattie, and Lucas. The vocalists were Misses Birch, Woodyat, and Mr. J. Parry.

VARIETIES.

The British Association.—The "Devonshire Independent" states that the meeting is likely to be postponed from July to August, that the launch of the Hindostan may be one of the sights during the week. Also that 66000. have already been subscribed towards the local expenses of the meeting. "The Times" newspaper has muttered out some threatened thunder against the general management: it is pity that party, personal feeling, or disappointment, should find entrance into, and become a disturbing force in, such a cause.

Mr. Minasi's pen-and-ink portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert are about to be disposed of by raffle. We hope the poor artist may be successful in getting up a liberal subscription. His peculiar talent is surely worthy of a better fate than seems to have attended it.

Rowley Lascelles, Esq., a bencher of the Middle Temple, author of the "Liber Hibernicus," and a gentleman long and intimately conversant with the literature and literary antiquities of Ireland, died on Monday, in his seventy-first year.

The following Periodical Works for April 1841 will be published by Charles Knight and Co.:

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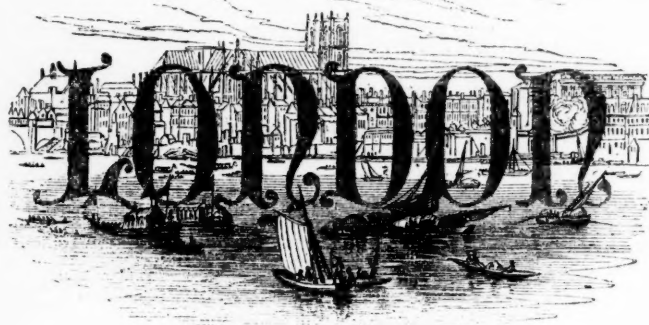
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